

# BOSTON REVIEW.

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## ARTICLE I.

### CHRISTIAN TOLERANCE; ITS LAW AND ITS LIMIT.

IF a man say a triangle has four sides, we withhold from him our mathematical fellowship. With a broad toleration, we leave him to labor for the maintenance of his opinion. To be thus left is his right and our duty. If we, the while, employ pen and press to show that he is in a fundamental error, we submit that our endeavors should not be put under stigma and ban as persecution. That reproach should not be laid on us even if we refuse him a vacant mathematical chair, or insist that as the occupant of one he should vacate it, or teach the doctrines of the triangle according to the intent and constitutional foundation of his professorship. Orthodox geometricians have a right to defend the principles of Euclid without incurring the opprobrium of such a charge.

Yet the Westminster Review thus puts the case : — “Defenders of the faith, as such, all bear about them the leprosy of intolerance.” “Christian creeds have the generic quality of being all addicted to persecution.” (July, 1861.)

The enunciation of such a falsity comes about on this wise. Certain men, sacredly bound in religion, honor, and law to teach, preach, and defend the cardinals of Christianity, as held by the Church of England, break their pledge, and pervert their official standing, and the ancient foundations on which

they have their living, by a labored and published attack on the essentials of the Christian religion. Calling these men to account, through the press, for breach of faith, perversion of trust, and the advocacy of infidelity, is intolerance and persecution, according to this Review, so zealous for free thinking.

Leaving the discussion of cases and personal issues, we propose some inquiries on the principles pertaining to religious fellowship and toleration.

An indispensable condition of fellowship is a cordial acceptance of the principles, policies, or forms, essential to the organization that gives or receives the fellowship. To have sincere fellowship with the Unitarians one must agree cordially to the unity of God, not to mention other points, as held by some, in distinction from the common view. Fellowship with Baptists must assent to their mode of baptism as the only scriptural one. The fellowship of Universalism requires a hearty faith in the doctrine of the final restoration of all the human family to holiness and heaven ; while infidelity asks our hearty acceptance of the moral and religious teachings of Voltaire, Hume, and Parker, for substance of doctrine.

These are points essential to the existence of these religious orders, and if the fellowship is to have a vitality and not a semblance merely, it must embrace and accept the essentials. It is an indorsement of them by the understanding and heart. The sceptic, the Calvinist, the papist, any religious order, agrees to this and requires it.

Where fellowship is thus extended public opinion interprets it as evidence of a unity of faith between the parties on fundamental points. This is more than is intended or done or supposed to be done, when those of different religious faiths and forms of worship and church politics unite for specific and temporary purposes on civic or festive or reformatory occasions. This is rather acting the citizen and reciprocating the courtesies and sympathies of life. Here is no compromising or confusing of religious creeds. It is the fellowship of good neighborhood and humanity, and to refuse it on religious scruples is intolerant and intolerable bigotry.

But we are necessarily brought into other relations to supposed error and errorists that cannot be so easily disposed of.

We may not compromise the claims of truth or suffer them to be compromised. Its peril enhances our responsibility. The lines may be so drawn, or inferences and popular impressions so forced, that neutrality is an impossibility for us, even if we were unworthy enough to wish it. Moreover, moral truth is always intolerant of its opposite. It would deny its nature were it otherwise; and we should deny our friendship for it, were we to ignore or disregard the dividing lines between it and error. How much that is wrong we may suffer to pass in silence, when to challenge it, and with how much of emphasis to enter a logical protest, or more summary veto, is a matter of times and circumstances.

One thing is evident. Whatever form and embodiment of error it is right and necessary to disavow when it is in its maturity, the same it is right and exceedingly wise to expose, subvert, and reprobate in its insidious and apparently harmless beginnings. In the matter of theological errors in essentials, the historic spirit becomes of necessity prophetic. He who is well read in the history of doctrines not only knows that there are very few new errors, but he knows the embryonic form of each, and can foretell and forewarn from the first and simplest manifestations. To resist those beginnings of infidelity or heresy is no more intolerant than to refuse fellowship to the organized and established system of scepticism or heterodoxy to which these will legitimately grow.

And yet criticism is seldom more severe or intolerant on a defender of the faith than when he thus labors to resist the beginnings of evil. If he exert himself thus where the least labor can accomplish the most, he is called an alarmist, a disturber of the peace, a meddler in petty differences, a bigot. He cannot gain credit for manliness and fair warfare unless he sleep at his post till the enemy are in full force on the field and covered by the best fortifications. It is well enough for an enemy to teach thus beyond his own lines, but when a professed friend or neutral does it he lays himself open to the gravest suspicions.

One familiar with the history of errors in the church is aware that the points of departure are few. The devious, intersecting, and bewildering paths into which men afterwards come are logical and inevitable necessities. When one is just taking his

departure from the beaten track of truth in one of these devious paths, or has advanced so far as to foreshow to the historical eye his certain destination within the provinces of essential error, what tolerance or patronage does Christian liberty require us to extend to him? He proposes to press the limits of religious thought farther and farther into the supposed unknown. He is speculative and assumes the popular pretension of being progressive, while it is seen that his new surveys do but cover old lines and landmarks that have been abandoned with the centuries by the friends of truth as untenable. How far, in such case, may we justly exercise a moral permission, or a moral veto? Is it bigotry and intolerance to define again the old metes and bounds of the evangelical church, and give to variations and departures their well-known definitions and terms?

A man changes his geographical position, and esteems it a favor that his new location is made known and he addressed accordingly. He changes his theological position, and he thinks for the better. He believes he has more truth in his new relations. He is not ashamed of the change. Why, then, should he not assume or allow a new theological address, descriptive of his new status? If he has become a Socinian, a Calvinist, an Arminian, or a Baptist, is it persecution to call him such? Why should honorable men making honorable changes shrink from their new and appropriate title? Or why characterize the difference between one school and another in theology as being the difference between old and new illustrations of truth, old and new methods of stating it, a steady and an impulsive disposition, a soft and a hard hat, a black and a gray coat, while each side disputes the leading doctrinal points of the other? Is not this ignoring or denying essential differences, that essential changes may be wrought without observation and alarm? We had supposed that the extensive and able controversy held during the last twenty-five years in New England about the New Divinity had for substance and bottom something more than a soft hat.

It is true that in other days sinister movements have been effected by some in theology before any change was apparent in their theological terms or denominational relations; but we have not been wont to regard this as an honorable or defensible



precedent. Even in their unfortunate and aimless wanderings in the desert, Israel left a record of their stations and erratic departures.

The sceptical argument is constantly reappearing. It is native to the heart, and does not vary much with the generations in its manifestations. Is it intolerance to dismiss it with some promptness? After eighteen centuries of Christian light and study, a Christian people have a right to assume some things as settled in religion. The divine authority of the scriptures, the moral code of Sinai, and the law of life as laid down in the Sermon on the Mount, are no longer open questions. Issues made on these points must not expect much attention, certainly no excessive courtesy, except as new evidence is brought into court. For the ages have constituted them religious axioms in all Christian countries.

Rarely can the attacks of infidelity on them attain to the dignity and importance of being original or novel. The most it can say is a matter of the libraries, and not of living studies. It must not, therefore, expect a long hearing, or a labored reply. The larger part of those who covet the notoriety of assaulting Christianity must be content with an answer that refers them merely to the alcove, volume, and chapter, where all their arguments were disposed of before they came on the stage. To him who is a tyro in working up, according to the original suggestions of his own heart, a system of scepticism, and is fresh, in his discoveries and readings of what he desires, in the writings of Volney, Parker, and the Westminster, we may seem bigoted and intolerant, if we give him "no place, no, not for an hour," in the hearing and reply. As he brings no original objections, he is not entitled to any original answer. Nothing is original in his scepticism but his desire to be a sceptic. Let him solve his difficulties where he found them, in the library, and under our references. If a man now denies that the world moves, we do not feel called on to repeat the arguments of Galileo, or rehearse for his edification a volume of Kosmos. Yet, for youthful learners and honest inquirers, we have years to spare in hearing and answering questions.

If the sceptic will show as much originality in fact and argument against the divine authority of the scriptures as Rawlin-

son has shown for them in his Bampton Lectures, he will merit and obtain a very candid hearing.

But scepticism asks for a free work-field, and equal rights and patronage in practical life. Is it persecution to hold it in check? With bolts, chains, and fagots, it is, but not with the pulpit, the platform, the press, and the ballot-box. Christianity has attended to the experiment as well as to the logic of living without a divine rule, and she is satisfied with neither. She covets not for her domains the polytheistic culture of Greece, nor the atheistic of France. She cares not to try the experiment. The many records of it are enough. There have been people who "did not like to retain God in their knowledge." They had their way, and now we blush at the recital of it, though drawn by the euphemistic pen of inspiration. No demand for equal rights can subject a Christian people to the repetition of such experiments. Total obliviousness to the code of Sinai, as in pagan Rome, and temporary and partial repeals of it, as in France, are our brief answer to him who asks for the legislation, the popular education, the morals, and the amusements of infidelity. We have no patronage for it. If this be intolerance, these historical references are our defence. Infidelity has its rights, but they are the rights of an alien who is hostile to the entire genius of Christendom. It is not bigotry, intolerance, or persecution, that denies it the fullest liberty, equality, and fraternity. It is rather the honorable warfare for life against a confessed and well-known foe.

The questions concerning toleration, bigotry, persecution, and the like, present themselves with most earnestness when directed toward the public teachers of morals and of religion. Such fill professorships and pulpits, or are lecturers on certain foundations. They are set apart to teach, preach, and defend certain ancient schemes and creeds. What is obligatory on such incumbents? It is a simple question.

For a certain stipend, accruing from the pecuniary foundation on which he stands, or for certain payments guaranteed in his settlement, the incumbent receives in trust, and for proclamation and defence, a certain faith, a specific system of theology, or of church polity. He is supposed to be capable of understanding it, and to be so far a positive and sectarian man

as to favor it according to what he thinks was the understanding of it by the founders of his position.

He is then, a party to a contract. For considerations that are acceptable, he agrees and promises to elaborate, teach, and promulgate the creed, system, theology, or polity of his pulpit or chair. But wanting in good-will toward it, or in moral integrity to keep a contract, or having personal and sinister ends to serve, he perverts his position. What is toleration in such a case?

Let us illustrate by supposed examples. Rawlinson, standing on the Bampton Foundation, and with all his rich material and felicitous manner for executing the intent of the Canon of Salisbury, among other things, "to confirm and establish the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures," warily prepares for and invites the reproduction of the arguments of Hume.

A minister of the Gospel accepts the pulpit of an ancient church whose creed is coëval and coëqual with the purest Puritanism, and then with suavity and effrontery strikes hands with Arminianism or meets the Universalist half-way. A man is called to the professorship of church history in a Baptist institution, and then undermines the confidence of his pupils in immersion as the only scriptural mode of baptism, or leaves them to the irresistible inference that infants should be taken to the font. Or the Westminster Catechism is sharply defined by a theological school that stands attached to it as a commentary to a text, and on that manual, as thus explained, a theological chair is established, and the occupant in his teachings leads his pupils to reject the leading features of the catechism, and to controvert the peculiarities of the school that founded his professorship.

In any such supposed case what may be justly asked and granted as Christian liberty? The question does not and must not come in whether the teachings required by the contract or endowment are sound, or whether the variations from them are improvements. The agreement made in the acceptance of the lectureship, professorship, or pulpit, is not for the examination of its basis, but for its defence. Expurgating, supplementing, or substituting is none of the labor for which the incumbent is employed. The clearly understood intent of the founders or

contractors must bind his teachings. The business honesty, morality, and Christian integrity that bind one in executing a trust, or the items of a contract, hold him.

That it is a religious trust from the hands of the pious dead, tendered through trustees, and perhaps loosely guarded in terms because of undue confidence in the integrity of men thus dealing in sacred things, increases rather than lightens the obligation to carry out the exact intent of the founders or contractors.

The question in such case resolves itself thus : Is it persecution to enjoin on a man the keeping of his contract, and the maintenance of his Christian integrity, while discharging what is, *par excellence*, a Christian obligation ? May a man claim a wider margin for variations from agreement because the work to be done is moral and religious ? May he have fewer scruples and a more uncertain conscience about his oath, promise, or signature, because he is a godly man, and in the godly service of the church ? When a Christian minister, or lecturer, or professor in divinity inclines to pervert his position, or to alienate the endowment that gives him a living, is it persecution to press that man to keep his word, and to preserve the institutions of religion from the stain of dishonor at the hands of their appointed defenders ?

In secular matters men do not trust each other so much and so far as they do in things sacred. They have carefully drawn contracts, and a regard for them is compelled by the courts. Yet we hear nothing of intolerance in the court-room because men are held to mean what they say, and to do what they promise, and to keep the bond that bears their signature. Why should we in the lecture-room or pulpit ?

Undoubtedly a man may change his religious views. Then undoubtedly he should change his position, if that position lie in the gift of a society or trustees whose interest he can no longer sincerely espouse and faithfully serve. Creeds are not to be deemed mutable or elastic because we find their elected defenders to be so.

Perhaps one, under an aspiring stimulus, or in a broad ignorance or imperfect development of his own theories, gains some public eminence. He has little study or interest to know the

definite obligations of the place till he actually fills it. Now he discovers that his own predilections are adverse to what is expected and required of him. But his love of place is stronger than his love of consistency. He has not a manly fulness and symmetry of character that enable him honorably to withdraw. Instead of vacating the place, he proceeds to show that his views have no novelty for that place. He affirms that the triangle of Euclid had four sides, that Playfair so understood it, and that the founders of his position held to the same theory, though they did not express it as logically and felicitously and rhetorically as it can be done in these days of improved terminology. The moral sense as well as the mathematics of such a man are at fault, and he must not complain of a growing impatience in the patronizing public.

The Christian community are custodians for the safe-keeping of the reposed charities and trusts of the dead. Is it intolerance, bigotry, or persecution to insist that, when one has rejected the basis for teaching that underlies his support, he himself should be ejected for malefeasance?

Much of this cry against persecution is affectation and a bid for sympathy and a covering for the eyes of the public. Men wish to do what ought not to be tolerated, and what themselves would not tolerate in a change of circumstances. Because the scepticism of the Westminster Review may not enjoy free proclamation and defence on the living of the Church of England, whose incumbents must give pledge for the defence of the Thirty-nine Articles, "Christian creeds have the generic quality of being all addicted to persecution." This changes the entire issue. No one objects to the founding of a Hume professorship for infidelity, or a mosque, or a Pelagian church. The persecution consists in our refusing to give up the halls of Oxford to Hume, the cathedral of St. Sophia to the Mohammedans, and the church of Dr. Spring to Pelagius.

It is true Israel received cities that they builded not, wells that they digged not, and vineyards and olive-trees that they planted not. But when sceptics and heretics propose to take our possessions, pleading this as a precedent, we protest under the double demurrer that we are not Canaanites, and that the Lord is not leading them to do this thing.

Persecution is frequently pleaded by innovators as their perquisite. If in their usual poverty they can gain credit for it, they have in it a capital and endowment. Hence their pitiable cries that they are persecuted. But we do not choose to make an attack possible from so false a position. It is not persecution for a man to defend his own. Without being subjected to the odious charge of persecuting, one may stand by the ancient creed and church of his fathers, against those who would pervert and change it.

If men, of faiths and politics unknown to the fathers, or rejected by them, desire pulpits, lecture-rooms, and professorships, the land is wide and free, and they may build where they will. But they should not claim the cuckoo's liberty, that avails itself of another's nest and nursing and feeding for its young.

It is a painful evidence of moral degeneracy when a people consent thus to a perversion of religious trusts. It shows a want of common morality and honorable feeling. Subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles that one may subvert them, is a fraud tinged with perjury. It is enlisting to betray the citadel. Changing after occupation, from the intent of religious contractors, is nothing blameworthy. Indeed one has then the rare opportunity, that the best might covet, of showing how noble a thing it is to be honorable despite temptation, and to do right at a sacrifice, and to maintain the supremacy of a good conscience amid the revolutions of one's opinion. The reproach and immorality begin when the incumbent shows an unwillingness to relinquish what no longer belongs to him.

It is a marvel that any should be found to defend the English essayists and reviewers in holding livings where they must subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, while the drift of their endeavors is not only to undermine public confidence in those articles, but to take away the divine authority from the source of all Christian creeds.

Nor is the marvel much less when among ourselves in Puritan New England we see men sustained as honorable in subscribing to a faith that they may explain it away, and in using their pulpit or chair to promulgate another gospel than what was cherished and sought to be propagated by the pious dead who founded that church or school.

Calvinistic funds among us now pay for some of the severest as well as most scholarly attacks on the Institutes of the Geneva, and some of the most polished as well as poisoned shafts that now glance from the Puritan's coat of mail are sped from parapets that rough Puritan hands built up. It is all very well, no doubt, though we do not see it, to set forth gracefully in verse and prose that the real *literati* of New England constitute a Bramin caste, and that scholarship pertains to certain blood and physiological fibre, descending by natural generation. It would be quite as gratifying to be assured by observation that the antique morality, which kept men from appropriating another's goods to their own use, does also continue in the blood and descend from generation to generation.

Then should we not see gentry knights-errant make assault on the theology and morals of the Puritans from the grateful shades of elms that those Puritans themselves planted, and from archways and castle-doors that those same Puritans set up. But it is the fortune of some that they have an ancestry whose legacies will support them in caricaturing the creed and ridiculing the character of that ancestry. Evidently there are different ways of obtaining eminence, reputation, and a livelihood.

Passing round among the funded churches and professorships in the commonwealth, and marking the gift of a few sheep, some cotton cloth, a pewter flagon, and some yearly pecks of wheat here, and a princely fortune there, and a communion service elsewhere, and all for Christ and the church through a specific faith, we cannot refrain from asking what those godly and self-denying donors would say, if they could listen to the sermons, lectures, and hermeneutics now given within those walls that their funds built and their prayers and tears consecrated. A decayed faith brings reflections full of sorrow, as when one wanders among the ruins of the thousand churches that early Christianity planted in Northern Africa. But more sorrowful are the reflections and suggestions when we contemplate a perverted faith, vigorous and thriving through the consecrated funds it has perverted.

Many religious charities in New England have been thus alienated, and are now used to subvert the creed for which they were given. No greater grief, probably, could have touched



the hearts of the founders than to have foreseen that their hard labors and the gifts out of their penury for the perpetuity of their religious principles would thus come to be employed as a weapon against their dearly cherished faith.

“ So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Views his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart ;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel.”

Such moral degeneracy is, however, natural. It is a first-fruit of the supplanting scepticism. Departure from Protestant foundations is more than an abandonment of a creed. It is changing the limits and relaxing the stringency of Christian morals. An early evidence of this is the incongruity we see of one's teaching divine truth and Christian morals from a pulpit or chair that was obtained by perversion and is held in injustice.

In the discussion of this question of toleration, a singular fact has obtruded itself often and at different points. Perhaps it may as well find a statement in this place.

The cry of religious persecution comes not so frequently from any class as from those who are in a transition state in their theology, or have a faith that they are interested to conceal. If it is persecution to make moral suasion and demonstrative argument like irresistible grace, and compel a public teacher of religion to declare his creed, no doubt there is much of it, and no doubt it will be continued, and defended, too. The English essayists and reviewers, and all others, must both take and declare their position in the field of theology and morals. Between the public and its public teachers in religious faith and practice there are mutual rights and obligations. A man has the right to teach what system he will, and the public is obligated to secure to him that right. On the other hand the public has the right to know what that man teaches. With his right there is a correlative obligation ; and the pressure is reasonable and just, and in no sense persecution, that demands, and if need be, and it is possible, extorts morally from him a confession of his faith. The exaction of a declaration of belief from a public religious teacher is perfectly consistent with the broadest religious toleration.



Fifty and seventy years ago, when inorganic, and, to this day, unorganized Unitarianism was moving cautiously for an embodiment, there was frequent and echoed cry of intolerance by the unconfessing movers. Public teachers and the trustees of the sacred foundations of both churches and educational institutions were accused of bigotry and intolerance, of unwarranted suspicions and the sowing of discord, because they insisted on knowing the real creed and intentions of those who proposed something better than "the old paths." They had a right to know. There is no moral obligation on any denomination to allow a portion of its ministry to alienate covertly the faith of their flocks. Keeping up old terms, while they are being emptied of their meaning, and finally to be left standing, like vacant cells of honey-comb, is a movement not only worthy of exposure, but one that imperatively demands it. No denominational rights are so sacred, and no ends so sanctifying, as to allow to a concealed transition and politic imposture immunity from exposure.

It is complimentary to one's self-knowledge, moral fairness, and manliness, if he is a religious teacher, to ask of him an expression of his doctrines. If he is so progressive that he cannot define his position or foretell his destination, much more have the community the right, as they have the more reason, to know his views. That he may not be able to give them is to his discredit, while it adds to our just anxiety to know them.

But we have carried this discussion far enough, and the conclusion is evident. A free pulpit, platform, ballot-box, and press, with a legal protection of all shades of opinion, and of all chartered investments to propagate the same, is the amplest liberty possible, and makes intolerance and persecution impossible. This throws every moral and religious question into the fair field of argument, and allows each sect to gain all it can from a common patronage. It allows no stealth to rob the old of their possessions, and no force but persuasion to prevent the new from acquiring. The faith, scheme, or polity, be it old or new, that cannot thrive in such favoring circumstances, must have an essential demerit, or an inaptness, and should not charge its ill success to persecution.

## ARTICLE II.

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

*Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby.* By AN OLD BOY. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

*Tom Brown at Oxford.* A Sequel to "School-Days at Rugby." By the Author of "School-Days at Rugby." Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1861.

*Five Years in an English University.* By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED. New York : G. P. Putnam. 1852.

OF the three works above named, the first two are intimately connected, forming indeed but separate parts of one whole. They are designed to follow out the course of a young student (who, for convenience, is called Tom Brown) through his eight years' connection with the famous Rugby School, under Dr. Arnold, and to accompany him thence through his University course at Oxford. In this way the author attempts to set before us the reality of English School and University life. He is seeking to show us what this life *is*, according to the more advanced standards of education in England, and, incidentally, also, to reveal what it *ought to be*; for he aims, evidently, not merely to be a delineator, but likewise a reformer. We confess that in this latter character he appears far less prominently than we had supposed before reading the books; still, this idea shapes and colors to a certain extent the whole narrative.

It is no part of our design in this article to analyze the story contained in these volumes, or to criticize it at any length, in reference to its literary or artistic qualities, though a few general observations touching the subject may not be out of place.

These books are not cast in the ordinary mould of works of fiction. The grand passion of love, which is usually deemed so indispensable in writings of this general kind, holds here but a very subordinate place. It is not entirely overlooked, but it does not constitute the chief interest of the volumes. As a simple matter of fact, love could not very well be left entirely

out of the life of the student, and the author, in giving it some place in his story, has been true alike to nature and experience. But it is not allowed to divert the reader from the main purpose, which is to set forth the actual life of the English student.

There are in these volumes passages of simple description, wonderful for their graphic power and beauty, and worthy of separate and special notice, as, for example, the stage-ride from London, when our hero, then a mere boy, first goes down to enter Rugby School. It makes old blood warm and young again, to look out upon the world from the top of the stage-coach, on that cold, gray November morning, through this youngster's eyes. We catch the very romance of boyhood. The distant days come back to us again. We recall, not without a certain dewy moisture of eye, our own early thoughts and feelings, when the world was fresh and new to us, — when the most common objects and events wore the charm of novelty, and all the future was bright with promise.

There are passages, too, in which this power of description is combined with the most healthy and invigorating moral lessons; as, for example, in those chapters where our young friend, now fairly launched upon his Oxford life, falls into divers and sore temptations, and is delivered therefrom through the energy, perseverance, and faithfulness of his friend Hardy. The condition of a soul, not yet wholly surrendered to evil, but for a time under the dominion of foul and savage passions, — the tempest and darkness which are upon it while the conflict lasts, and the cheerfulness and joy which succeed, when truth and goodness obtain the ascendancy, — all this is painted with a masterly hand. In the gloomiest hours of the struggle we do not suffer ourselves to despair, for the very reason that, in the case presented, evil works such a commotion in the soul, finding so much there which is antagonistic to it, so much that is akin to the true and noble. The condition is that so beautifully set forth by good old Jeremy Taylor in one of his quaint and delicate comparisons: "For so a taper, when its crown of flame is newly blown off, retains a nature so symbolical to light, that it will with greediness rekindle and snatch a ray from the neighboring fire. So is the soul of man when it is newly fallen into sin." In all this the author reveals his power skilfully to por-

tray the secret and subtle operations of the spiritual nature, though in general he deals more with the outward and tangible.

We know nothing of the author's religious feelings and habits, except what we learn from certain stray passages in the books, and from these we do not gather a very definite opinion. But whenever the subject of religion is touched, it is treated with reverence. In this respect he is far enough from that light and flippant philosophy, so often to be met with among literary men.

One of the excellent points in these volumes is the distinctness with which the main characters stand out before the reader. They bear the most marked individuality. When we have once become acquainted with our friend Tom Brown, and *his* friends Hardy, Drysdale, Grey, St. Cloud, East, Blake, and others, we do not easily forget them or confound them one with another. Each has a character of his own. There are, of course, many subordinate characters which are less vividly painted. But the chief personages are not to be mistaken. They maintain throughout their individual characteristics.

We have mentioned the name of Hardy. We know not whether the author recognized him as his special favorite, but he is doubtless the favorite generally with sober and thoughtful readers. Those who regard a certain spice of wickedness as essential to true manliness may be more captivated with some of the other young men who are brought to view in the narrative; but mentally, morally, and physically, Hardy seems to us the best specimen of manhood among them. And in this connection it is worthy of notice, that of late the best English novelists incline to make their heroes and heroines out of the common people. It marks the democratic tendencies of English society, and indeed of the age in which we live, that writers of fiction no longer think it needful for the purposes of romance to follow the fortunes of some "gentle lady" or "distressed princess," but on the whole prefer persons of humbler origin, who shine by their own light, and make their way by the force of their own genius and power. If any one will take note of the most successful works of fiction for the last ten years, he will find this remark largely illustrated. We need not neces-

sarily suppose that the writers have used any special philosophy about the matter, or that they have even taken thought beforehand that this would be the most effectual way of gaining the ear of the public. They themselves are in the drift of the age, and often, unconsciously to themselves, reveal its general direction.

This Hardy, who moves among the young men of Oxford with an undeniable superiority, who is not only among the foremost in scholarship and in moral character, but is chief also even in respect to those physical qualities on which alone so many of the young men pride themselves, — who handles the oar in a boat-race better than those who give their thoughts to nothing but boat-racing, — this young man is “Hardy the Servitor,” whom, in the early days of college life, the dashing young sprigs from wealthy and aristocratic houses chose to ignore as beneath their notice and companionship. He comes from the middle class of the English race, and is a noble specimen of the sturdy stock from which he sprung. He comes from that order of people whence many of the greatest thinkers and actors of England have come, and our author is true not only to the tendencies of the present age, but to the facts of the past, in giving him this natural preëminence among the boating, horse-racing, wine-drinking crowd that congregate at Oxford.

And, by the way, speaking of wine-drinking, the one decidedly immoral tendency of these volumes seems to us to be, that the author has no earnest word of disapprobation for those drinking habits so prevalent among English students. We do not complain that he has described these customs as they are. In painting life at Oxford, we are quite willing that he should be true to the facts, and depict student society as he finds it. What we complain of is, that he appears to take sides with the drinkers, — that he tells us, with an evident relish and gusto, how many bottles were uncorked on this trivial occasion, and how many on that; and in fact the occasions are very few when the bottles are not uncorked. The reader soon gets the idea, that in the opinion of the author himself all this is an indispensable part of good English hospitality and cheer, and that nothing can be done properly without these refined and æsthetic potations. Forty years ago, this kind of philosophy was greatly

in vogue in this country, and one might often overhear a company of red-nosed and half-tipsy gentlemen discussing the remarkable qualities and effects of different liquors, and talking solemnly and profoundly, as if all great actions, and all the social virtues, rested for their support upon a large and generous use of the bottle. But this nonsense, with us, has been pretty effectually exploded. It lingers no doubt among us yet, and may be found by diving into drinking-saloons and such-like places. But it no longer figures in respectable society, and, above all, it is not used on this side the water for the purposes of romance. No writer of fiction here, who wished to gain access to our more intelligent and cultivated circles, would think of doing so by flourishing wine and brandy bottles in their faces. But in these volumes everybody drinks, as if it were the "chief end of man" to do so. Even when Hardy's stanch and pious old father comes up to Oxford to pay him a visit, the event is at once celebrated with extra bottles of port and sherry, for the delight of the young men and the old man. And so when Squire Brown, Tom's father, drops in upon him for a brief stay, his coming is the signal for a wine-party got up for his entertainment. And here occurs the only protest against these drinking habits, which we happen to remember, and it is in this fashion. The party has dispersed, and Squire Brown, Tom, and Hardy are the only ones remaining, when the narrative proceeds as follows:—

"For a short time longer the three sat at the wine-table, while the Squire enlarged upon the great improvement in young men, and the habits of the University, especially in the matter of drinking. Tom had only opened three bottles of port. In his time men would have drunk certainly not less than a bottle a man; and other like remarks he made."

How admirable is this fatherly suggestion and counsel! How elevating and restraining in its influence! How naturally would it lead Tom, when he came to reflect upon it, to imitate the early example of his worthy father!

This, as we have said, is the one decidedly immoral tendency of these books. Shaped and designed as they are to impart to students certain ideas of manliness and true honor, these good and useful lessons are terribly undermined and enfeebled by

connivance at this low and corrupting habit. We are not to be deceived in this matter. We know enough by practical experience to be assured that no great things are to be expected of students who indulge so freely in drink.

Mr. Hughes is not the only one, among living English writers, who thus offends against good taste and morality. Dickens cannot go a dozen pages with any set of his grotesque characters without feeling it needful to stop and "liquor" them. Thackeray has very much the same philosophy; and indeed, from many sources of information, it is evident that the public sentiment of England on this subject is not advanced much beyond what ours was half a century ago. Charles Lamb has a couple of lines somewhere, which, as near as we remember, read as follows:—

"Now universal England getteth drunk  
For joy that her good monarch is restored."

And judging by the sentiment of many of her writers, we should infer that "universal England" would be very ready to get drunk on a great many occasions besides the restoration of a monarch.

But we must not dwell longer on the details of these volumes of Mr. Hughes, as we wish to reserve our space for some general observations touching University life, in this country and in England.

The other work which we have placed at the head of our article has been much longer before the public, but, we suppose, has been far less generally read. It was written by an American student—a graduate of Yale College who afterward spent five years at Cambridge, England, where he distinguished himself in scholarship, and bore off some of the high honors of the University. The experiences of these five years gave him personally a great contempt for American institutions of learning, while these same experiences, as recorded by himself, have exactly the opposite effect upon the mind of the general reader. They leave the impression that the author, for all purposes of useful scholarship and honorable manhood, was better off when he graduated at Yale College than when he left the English University; that his life would have been productive of nobler results, if he had consented to forego



this extra finish to his education. As regards the book itself, it gives probably the most complete view of the interior and daily workings of one of these great English Universities that has ever been given to the public. But the author gains little credit for himself in making the exhibition. In this respect the work is like Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. We see the Doctor perfectly. We walk round him, and look at him sharply on every side. We know all his habits. We become acquainted with every phase of his character. But we get this information at the expense of Boswell. He is willing to make a fool of himself that we may be wise. The author of "*Five Years in an English University*" had probably but a very dim conception how he himself is made to appear in these volumes, but no one, we think, has ever envied him his education, if it must be purchased in this way.

But, as already intimated, his volumes are most valuable as sources of information, and are superior in this respect to any work within our knowledge. We get at the inside life of the University, the habits of the students and the professors, the aims and ambitions of the young men there congregated, the methods of study and modes of thought. All this and much more is set before us in the most life-like manner. And without stopping here to dwell at all upon details, we may just say, in passing, that Cambridge, as seen through these volumes, corresponds very accurately with Oxford, in respect to the tipling habits of the students. One of the high honors secured by our author at Cambridge was derived from the introduction of a new drink, hitherto wholly unknown in those classic retreats. It produced a profound impression. It awakened a new sensation. The news spread like wildfire, and soon all the students were adepts in the art of mixing this new beverage, the knowledge of which had been brought in from the wilds of America. The use of it became universal, and he received the homage of a public benefactor; but soon the recollection of whence and how it came to be known perished. The author records this fact as follows. "*In less than three years the origin of the drink was forgotten. Before I left the University an Eton Freshman at a wine-party asked me if we drank sherry-cobbler in America.*" Such is the forgetfulness and ingratitude of man!



Without farther reference to specific points in the volumes before us, we wish to devote our remaining pages to several topics of general interest which are naturally suggested by these books.

The author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" and at "Oxford," in writing these works, had in view as one of the main features of his plan to do honor to Dr. Arnold, and to the methods of instruction which he introduced into the famous Rugby School. As a pupil of Arnold, retaining a most affectionate and reverent remembrance of his teacher, he desired to perpetuate his name and influence, as also to offer him his tribute of gratitude. The connection of Dr. Arnold with this Rugby School has proved an event of great significance in the history of English education. Before his election as Head-Master of the School in the year 1827, the trustees were told, by one who knew him well, that "he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." And the event has partially justified the prophecy. But new ideas work slowly in the English mind, and the revolution wrought by Arnold, we may well believe, is yet in the earlier stages of its development, and far enough from its final consummation. The main ideas on which he relied for success are exceedingly simple and obvious—thorough acquaintance with the individual characteristics and habits of his pupils; an affectionate personal interest in them; a constant application of the great principles of religion, in a quiet and genial way, to their consciences and hearts; a reliance upon their truth and honor, in contradistinction from a system of suspicion and espionage. No one can fail to see the wisdom and propriety of these ideas, and no one, it would seem, could hesitate to adopt them. But in a land like England, where conservatism, even in matters non-essential, usually takes on the form of bigotry, all movements of this kind are painfully slow. The name of Arnold is held in high respect in England, and his sentiments are gradually but surely making their way, in improved methods of education. But at no time probably has his reputation been so good in England as in this country, simply because his ideas were far more consonant with our previous habits and modes of thought on this subject. We were already greatly in advance of England on the very points in respect to which Dr. Arnold was superior to his countrymen.

Obviously true and good as was the system introduced at Rugby, it has had to encounter a large measure of that thick-headed, unreasoning opposition so natural to Englishmen. Mr. Hughes, in the preface to the sixth edition of his "*Tom Brown at Rugby*," cannot refrain from an allusion to this opposition. He says:—

"There is one point which has been made by several of the reviewers who have noticed this book, and it is one which, as I am writing a preface, I cannot pass over. They have stated that the Rugby undergraduates they remember at the Universities were 'a solemn array,' 'boys turned into men before their time,' 'a semi-political, semi-sacerdotal fraternity,' &c., giving the idea that Arnold turned out a set of young square-toes, who wore long-fingered black gloves, and talked with a snuffle. I can only say that their acquaintance must have been limited and exceptional. For I am sure that every one who has had anything like large and continuous knowledge of boys brought up at Rugby, from the times of which this book treats down to this day, will bear me out in saying that the mark by which you may know them is their genial and hearty freshness and youthfulness of character. They lose nothing of the boy that is worth keeping, but build up the man upon it."

Bristed, in the volumes to which we have made reference, in comparing the scholars who came to Cambridge from different English schools, pays a marked compliment to the boys from Rugby. The passage is so interesting in this connection that we quote portions of it:—

"This brings me to Rugby, so interesting from its connection with the name of Arnold. (He died in 1842, and many of his last 'sixth form' were my contemporaries, or nearly so, at Cambridge.) The Rugby men were in general less brilliant and quick than the Etonians; good, sound scholars, but not remarkably showy or striking. . . . But they were men of great weight and character; they seemed to have been really taught to think on ethical as well as purely intellectual subjects better than any set of young men I ever knew; they had better grounds for their belief, and always appeared to have looked into the reason for what they said or did, and to go back to first principles. Their veneration for Arnold's memory was unbounded; they spoke of his loss as a personal calamity, as one might speak of a near relative's death; and you could always recognize a Rugby man's room by the portrait conspicuously suspended in it. It

was sometimes objected that the influence exerted by Arnold over the minds of his pupils had been *too* great; that it destroyed their originality and self-dependence. . . . . What he *did* impress upon his pupils was a love of truth, a reverence for reverend things, a philosophic habit of investigating principles, which tended to give them the reality of that 'earnestness' which some of their despisers only pretended to possess, or fancied they were possessing."

On a more general comparison of English and American methods of liberal education, it is of course to be conceded, without a shadow of dissent, that the English system is far more thorough and complete than our own. In extent of attainment, in scholarly finish and accuracy, the best students from the English universities are far in advance of the most cultivated graduates from our best American colleges. We are rising in this respect by somewhat rapid stages. The change among us has been very great in the last twenty-five years, especially in our older institutions. But it will doubtless be a long time before we can give to the student such facilities for finished culture as he enjoys at Cambridge and Oxford. Taking the whole system of public education in England, with its numerous and far-famed schools, like Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, and many others, culminating in these great Universities, which are not single colleges, but congregations of colleges, distinct and yet united, entirely separated for some purposes, and confederated for others, with the traditions and associations of a thousand years hanging about them, — in the combination of all this we have a vast and complicated machinery, in comparison with which our institutions of learning seem very humble affairs. All this is to be granted, and any one would be foolish who should attempt to ignore this manifest inferiority on our part. We can well understand how a student passing from even the largest of our American colleges to one of these Universities would have occasion to feel that he had been brought out from a strait into a broad place.

But we have our compensations, and they are neither few nor small. So far as we have been able to ascertain what may be called the *average* result of the education given by these great Universities, we confess that we have an honest pride in the practical working of our own institutions. Even in respect

to scholarly and intellectual attainments, we doubt whether, on an average estimate, the students who go out from these Universities are greatly in advance of our own. We say, *on an average estimate*, for we have already conceded that the best scholars there are far beyond ours. But the system is so loose in its hold upon the great body of the students, — it is left so much to themselves to say what use they will make of their time and opportunities, that the majority of them never reach any high degree of scholarship.

But let the case be as it may in this respect, there are other grounds for our conclusion. In that very element which Arnold sought to introduce at Rugby, in what may be called the ethical part of education, which is really the most important part, our American colleges are decidedly superior. In giving young men a sense of individual responsibility, in making them feel that as they go out into the world they are to set before themselves high and honorable ends, that their lives are not to be devoted to merely selfish gratification, but are to be made useful in service for God and their fellow-men, — in these and such-like points, we believe that our colleges will bear the most favorable comparison with the Universities of England.

And this brings us to a topic of very great interest and importance in respect to the welfare of our colleges. Any one at all acquainted with the prevailing habits of mind in a college community must have noticed the constant tendency on the part of many students to create false standards of manliness, to attach great importance to things frivolous, and often half-immoral, to cling with the most desperate tenacity to customs which ought never to have been originated, to regard the honor of the college as depending mainly upon the faithful support and transmission of these customs to future generations, and generally to lend "aid and comfort" to all movements for the subverting of rightful authority, and thwarting "the powers that be." How often have we seen a student who was entirely ready to go to the stake, if need be, in defence of his natural and inalienable right to smoke Freshmen, or to preserve some other bad but immemorial usage which had come down with all the sacred associations of the past! It was *principle* with him not to give up what was so linked in with the history

of the college, and was so necessary to its true glory. And while this martyr spirit is on him, what a crowd of witnesses gather around in high admiration of his heroic conduct! This tendency among students to exalt the fanciful, the unreal, the untrue, above that which is simple and genuine and important, shows itself in a thousand different ways, and is one of the most serious things against which a wise board of instruction has forever to contend. It is this spirit which leads to all the folly, expense, and parade of "Secret Societies." It is this which leads any company of students who happen to be banded together in one of these secret associations, to be congratulating themselves forever upon the fortunate selection of members, and to talk of the immense importance of the enterprise in which they are engaged. Hence is to come culture, refinement, eternal friendship, and every imaginable good. It is this spirit which just now, in our American colleges, shows itself prominently in boat-races, under the very honorable name of physical culture. There is no end to the forms which this feeling assumes.

We well remember, about the time of our entrance into college, the prevailing impression among the students, was, that the college itself was in imminent danger, — that foes were lurking around on every side, and no one could tell whence or in what form they might come, — that roving bands of sailors might rush upon it in a midnight attack. Life seemed "real and earnest" to us, in view of the many perils by which we were surrounded. Eternal vigilance could alone insure our security. It was necessary that the students should all be banded together in a semi-military capacity, and, if a well-known cry should ring out upon the night air, let every man repair to his post, and be ready to do or die. All this was the everlasting nonsense of students, though, in our greenness, we responded to these warlike emotions, and thought indeed that great interests were at stake, and that our lot was cast "on troublous times." It seemed as though our education was to be gained, in much the same manner as the Jews built the wall of their beloved city, after the captivity, with an implement of labor in one hand and a weapon of defence in the other. These false ideas, these unreal standards of manliness, this intense

devotion to what is useless or worse than useless, this pertinacious adherence to wrong customs and usages, may be found in almost every community of students; and no small part of the business of the Faculty is to limit, counteract, and destroy this influence. If these tendencies are allowed to have unlimited range, they interfere most seriously with the proper work of the college. They blight the tree of knowledge, and render its fruits almost worthless.

Now in reference to this broad fact we think our American institutions of learning in a far healthier condition than the schools and Universities of England. Taking the school at Rugby, which, considering its antecedents, is probably the best specimen in this respect which England can show, and taking also Mr. Hughes's picture of it, as drawn in his "Tom Brown at Rugby," which, in the circumstances, is, without doubt, fully as attractive as the facts will warrant, even then we have an amount of roughness, bullying, and petty tyranny among the boys — a false honor and fictitious manliness, such as we have not been accustomed to observe in our American schools. In the board of control there is evidence of a quiet sufferance of many evils, a readiness almost to count them innocent and virtuous, on the principle of the old proverb, "What can't be cured must be endured." Many of the habits and customs prevalent among the pupils, and which seem to be granted, as among their inherent rights and privileges, are of a kind that a vigorous and able head-master of an American school would feel called upon stoutly to confront and put down. England claims, *par excellence*, to be the land of authority and subordination to law, and has always been free in her insinuations that society on this side the water is loose, lawless, and half-disorganized. But we are entirely confident in saying, that exactly the opposite impression, so far as colleges and schools are concerned, is left upon our minds by the three works now under review. By the light thus thrown upon the subject, it is clearly to be seen that at Rugby, and especially at Oxford and Cambridge, there is an amount of disorder and lawlessness, of intemperance and other low vice, of false honor and manliness, for the most part unchecked and uncontrolled, such as we are strangers to in our American institutions.

The author of "Five Years in an English University" has presented a picture so black and revolting on this subject, that we should hardly dare to exhibit it at full length in these pages. We have made some disparaging remarks about this work, and about the character and conduct of the author as seen through it; but we will do him the justice to say that in his second volume, when he comes to a summing up of the case, in view of sober and undeniable realities, he talks like a man and a Christian. He is touched by the remembrance of his earlier student life in his own land, and of the comparative honesty, simplicity, and purity of character in the young men with whom he was here associated. We give one or two extracts in this connection, which will justify all and more than all we have said:—

"The American graduate who has been accustomed to find even among irreligious men a tolerable standard of morality and an ingenuous shame in relation to certain subjects, is utterly confounded at the amount of open profligacy going on all around him at an English University,—a profligacy not confined to the 'rowing' set, but including many of the leading men and not altogether sparing those in authority. There is a careless and undisguised way of talking about gross vice, which shows that public sentiment does not strongly condemn it. . . . One of my first acquaintances at Cambridge, the fellow-commoner next to whom I sat at Chapel, had not known me two days or spoken to me half-a-dozen times before he asked me to accompany him to Barnwell one evening after Hall, just as quietly as a compatriot might have asked me to take a drink; and though it certainly would be unfair to take this youth as a type of all Cambridge . . . the proposition made to me in so off-hand and matter-of-course a way might justify the conclusion that the practice was sufficiently common, — as subsequent experience fully proved." . . .

"Here are some hundred young men getting drunk systematically, making one another drunk, with the eternal joke of blacking with burnt cork the first man's face who loses consciousness. . . . This is a bad state of things, and there is no getting over it. If they are very nice honorable upright men when sober, more shame for them to degrade themselves systematically. I say systematically, for any man who *habitually* gets drunk must set about it with a certain system and previous design, since it requires but a moderate amount of common sense and experience to tell him how much he can carry. Here is a gross vice, the forbidding of which was one of the peculiar features of



Christianity and has always been one of its leading distinctions in practical morality from all other religions, made a matter of habitual practice and a subject of familiar conversation. Can this go on in a place devoted to the education of Christian youth, without great blame being attributable *somewhere*?"

These extracts have reference to two points of great importance, showing a state of society corrupt beyond anything of which we have knowledge in our American colleges. This is specific vice of the lower types, but we have, in our previous view, included also general insubordination, a wide-spread lawlessness, and roughness, and brutality, a haughty contempt of others' rights, low and frivolous aims and ambitions; and had we space, we might quote many passages illustrative of all these points.

The picture presented by Mr. Hughes of society at Oxford, although it does not reach down to these details, does not impress us as much better. With a large proportion of the men, to be great at the "boat-races" seems much more an object of ambition than to be great in the classics; to be favorably known for one's elegant wine-parties is a more chosen distinction with the multitude than to be known for exact and thorough scholarship. And even where the ambition for scholarship exists, it is, to a most painful extent, the mean and petty ambition of personal preëminence. It wants high and commanding motives. In all the exhibitions which these writers have made to us, we do not look in upon a class of men which has always largely abounded in our colleges, — men who are studying with a sincere and honest desire to prepare themselves for usefulness; who though they may not greatly shine as scholars, still hold steadily on their way, and by their after-services for God and humanity leave a record in comparison with which the mere triumphs of scholarship are poor and mean. There is a distressing absence of such men in these English Universities. We do not doubt that some of this kind are there, but they are too few in number to give tone to the community, or to readily attract the attention of the general observer.

Indeed we have heard it said (and the remark was quoted from a distinguished man in England, a warm friend of Missions) that these great Universities were practically useless for



raising up and preparing a class of men for the missionary work, — that the impress which these institutions made upon the mind, the moral and spiritual condition in which they left a man when they had done with him, was such as virtually to incapacitate him for these useful and self-denying labors. If he had ever had any noble and serious purposes in life, they were almost sure to be frittered away by the process through which he here passed, and he was left with no higher aim than an intense regard for his personal comfort and aggrandizement. And though there are many noble exceptions to this statement, we believe that it holds good with regard to the great body of young men that come under the influence of these Universities. We derive our impressions on this subject, from books and not from any actual inspection, and it is very likely that a nearer acquaintance would reveal many redeeming qualities and characteristics ; but there are certain main features of these English schools and Universities which stand out so clearly that it is not easy to mistake them.

After giving some thought to the subject, we are satisfied that there are two grand reasons for the greater amount of mischief and disorder in the schools and colleges of England than in those on this side the water. We do not mean to say that every difference which exists can be explained by these reasons, but they go far toward a solution.

(1.) Our common schools, which prevail all through the Free States, teach the whole body of our children, very early in life, the principles of order and subordination which ought to prevail in institutions of this kind. In this tender and flexible period of life, the children are taught, both by precept and by actual drill and practice, the rules and modes which must regulate the intercourse of child with child. The incipient tyranny so natural to some is very early and effectually curbed. It becomes a matter of absolute necessity, for the welfare and prosperity of the school, that these young beginners should be taught to live and move and act together, according to the law of essential equality, and that the rights of each should be faithfully respected by all the rest. That law once learned, and especially when learned in the plastic season of childhood, remains. As these children pass on into the higher stages of education, the

lesson is not forgotten. When at length boys are gathered out one by one from the whole population, and brought together in the academy, to prepare for college, they come with all these primary lessons of obedience and equality thoroughly mastered and stored up for use. Consequently there is comparatively little tendency with us to that violence, petty tyranny, and bullying so characteristic of English schools. Mr. Hughes exhibits a great deal of this even at Rugby, and makes the best of it, by allowing it to pass under the general appellation of English vigor and pluck, but stripped of all disguises, it is better described under the name of juvenile barbarism. We do not mean to say that our schools are entirely free from this ugly element, but we have far less of it than is seen in the English schools, and we account for the difference, in part, by the reason which we have just given.

Something like our common-school system is almost indispensable to teach these early lessons effectually. There are obvious reasons why the family is not adequate to this end. It is only when the children of many families, with antecedents and habits often very diverse, are brought together upon one platform, and under one law, that the principles touching the relations of child with child can be thoroughly taught. Here is one grand cause which goes far to shape and control the intercourse of our students in the academy and the college.

(2.) But there is also another cause, acting in the same direction. The principle of caste in English society shows itself most distinctly in her schools and Universities, and instead of being, as Englishmen fondly suppose, a principle favorable to law and order, it leads directly to violence and disorder. Mr. Hughes has furnished us some glimpses of the internal antagonisms to which this principle gives rise, in the relations of "Hardy the Servitor" to his fellow-students, especially during the early days of his life at Oxford. And it is worthy of notice, as an illustration of some things already said, that what afterwards recommends this Hardy to the more favorable regard of his haughty and aristocratic neighbors, is not his high character as a scholar, is not his excellent moral qualities, is not even his sturdy English pluck, about which there is so much talk and boasting, but it is his physical energy, the fact that his oar

will turn the scale in a boat-race. Now there is no peace anywhere in this world, and certainly not in a community of Anglo-Saxons, where a portion of that community plumes itself on merely adventitious circumstances, "the accident of an accident," and on these grounds claims for itself a lofty superiority over the rest. There may for a time be outward decorum and quiet, but the seeds of discord are within, and as sure as effect follows cause, they will germinate and bring forth fruit in open collision and strife, in manifold mischiefs and disorders.

Far different is the state of things with us. There is no better specimen on earth of a pure Democracy than a genuine American College. It is, in the first place, the natural growth of our democratic institutions. But when formed, it is a more perfect example even of the working of democratic principles than the society itself out of which it has sprung. When a young man comes upon this college ground with high airs and swelling pretensions, founded not upon what he himself is, but upon what somebody else is, he is certain to meet with something very soon which causes a dreadful collapse. He finds himself in a community which will not tolerate any of this kind of nonsense, while it is instinctively quick to appreciate real character and ability.

The evils and confusions which are constantly generated in an English University by this law of caste, we cannot stop to trace out in detail. It so happens that some of our colleges, in their early history, while this country remained under English rule, were conducted, in a measure, upon this principle, though never to the full extent seen in English institutions. The students were enrolled upon the catalogue according to the rank and standing of the families from which they came; certain conventionalisms, derived partly from the old country and partly of native origin, guiding in the enrolment. As an accompaniment to this usage, the fagging system, still largely in vogue in England, was also admitted, by which a part of the students were bound to do service for others, and to show towards them at all times a deferential respect and obedience. We had for a long time in our history all the good derivable from these highly conservative principles, and the traditions of rough-

ness and disorder in our colleges which have come down to us from that period do not tend to give us a very exalted opinion of the practical worth of the principles themselves. There was on the one hand, as there always will be in such circumstances, an abuse of power and privilege, a tendency to acts of mean and contemptible tyranny and exaction; and there was on the other hand a constant and systematic resistance, secret or open, to this artificial authority. Even long after these usages were abolished, *in form*, the evils to which they had given rise remained to plague and vex these college communities, and had to be rooted out by slow degrees. But as now constituted, there are no organizations which better deserve to be called democracies, so far as the relations of the students one with another are concerned, than our genuine American colleges, and the healthy and invigorating influence of this principle is widely manifest.

Whether the causes above named have or have not the importance which we have attached to them, it is undeniable, we think, that the moral condition of our schools and colleges is a great way in advance of that of England. There is with us not only far less of open vice and profligacy, but less also of sham character and honor; less of fiction and pretence; a more true and elevated aim; less of that prevailing nonsense which mars everything it touches; less of those ignoble, frivolous, petty ambitions, so largely to be seen in the English Universities. But there is yet great room for improvement among ourselves, and in closing we wish to make a few suggestions touching our own institutions.

In respect to thorough and exact scholarship, as has been already said, the advance in our colleges (and as a necessary consequence in our preparatory schools) has been for the last twenty-five years very marked and commendable. Our progress in this department has been as rapid perhaps as is desirable. There has been no great and sudden transition, but a steady and healthful growth. And there has been progress too in other directions. There has been a decided improvement in general refinement and civilization. There is less disposition to rude, coarse, vulgar tricks and practices than formerly. A public sentiment has gradually grown up among the students them-

selves against these practices. As compared with former times the individuals who engage in them are few in number, and they are not sustained by the prevailing tone of feeling about them. The bearing of the students in their intercourse one with another is more gentlemanly and cultivated. The rightful authority of the Faculty is accepted with a better grace, and is not regarded so much as something to be warred against and thwarted. The *religious* condition of these institutions is far better than in times past. In the early part of the present century our colleges were overrun with infidelity, in its most gross and hateful forms. The professors of religion were few in number, and were set as a mark for the scoffer. Now, in our New England colleges, (and the same general statement will doubtless hold true of the great body of our Northern colleges,) the proportion of professors of religion is very large. For the past two or three years almost half of the whole number of students (not far from 3000) in the colleges of New England have been members of evangelical churches, and hence, in no small degree, come the increased sobriety and order noticeable in these little communities.

But we have also our evil tendencies as well as our good ones, and these evils are creeping in under the mask of virtues. We hear a great deal nowadays about "physical culture" and "muscular Christianity." If we understand the matter aright, the first two works at the head of this article were written partly in the service of this new movement. Our college boat-races are one of the croppings-out of this modern sentiment. This custom has been borrowed from the English Universities, where it has been long in vogue, and is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." We will not say that it is an unmixed evil, but the good in it bears no proper proportion to the evil. We are satisfied that it destroys far more health and strength than it creates, — that it kills more than it makes alive, even in a *physical* point of view. But intellectually and morally the case is still worse. It absorbs the thoughts of the student to the exclusion of books, and leads on to habits of vicious indulgence. The abstinence and severe bodily training which precede the race, are followed by excess and sensual indulgence when the struggle is over. This is true

in England, and it is and will be more true here, if the custom prevails. At Cambridge and Oxford they talk of the "rowing set" and the "reading set," thereby implying that the young men who give themselves to this business are withdrawn from their books, to the ruin of their scholarship; and the natural tendency of the practice will be to create the same distinction here. The Faculties in our colleges in times past have had to encounter a great many evil tendencies and practices among the students, and to root them out by the force of their influence and authority, and here is one which they will doubtless have to meet in the same way; and the sooner they apply themselves to the task the better.

Be it understood that we make no objection to what may properly be called "physical culture," but on the other hand, highly approve and recommend it. The establishment of gymnasia in connection with our colleges is, we believe, a movement in the right direction, and under proper control and regulations they will prove an immense advantage. But they will have to be watched and guarded, lest they also lead to excess.

We have adverted also to secret societies, which have come in like a flood within a few years. We are satisfied from a small experience and a larger observation, that their tendency is exceedingly pernicious. They do not subserve the end for which they are professedly designed, but rather defeat it. They do not contribute to large, manly, generous culture, but to egotism, self-conceit, and "mutual admiration." They create a great bill of expense, with no corresponding profit. The place for a student to measure himself with his fellow-students is in the open field of competition and debate, and not in these secret conclaves. The sooner this nuisance is abated the better it will be for our colleges.

In general, for these and various other reasons, the *expense* of a collegiate education is getting to be so great as to become, to fathers with moderate means, who have sons whom they desire to educate, and to young men who have no fathers to lean upon, truly formidable. It has been the real glory of our system, that everything has been made to facilitate the process of obtaining a liberal education, so that bright-minded, enterprising youth in humble circumstances might find their way

through college, and come out into life, furnished and prepared for great usefulness. But the *incidental expenses* of a college course have been greatly increased within a few years, and these expenses come largely from customs and institutions originating among the students themselves, and which are of no practical utility. They come from the hiring and furnishing of rooms, on a rich and magnificent scale, for these secret societies. The society library must frequently have a great addition to its volumes, and this addition is made often not from a sense of deficiency in the library itself, but so that its volumes may outnumber those of the rival fraternity, and the fact be used for electioneering purposes. Or it is thought necessary to outdo all that has gone before, in providing costly music for Commencement, or to outshine the previous classes in the extent and splendor of the class-album. The poorer students do not like to enter a protest against these extravagant expenditures, lest they should seem mean and wanting in public spirit; and so the evil has been creeping in and growing, until it has become one of great magnitude, and, as we think, calls for the stern interposition of the college authorities.

We might instance also other things which tend to mar the beauty and order of our colleges. But we have a general confidence that all these untoward tendencies and influences will have only a limited and temporary range; that they will in due time be checked and overborne, as have been many other evil customs in the past. These institutions are under the guardianship of sound and Christian men, who have the most vital interest in their true welfare, and who know how to temper severity with lenity.

We cannot and must not expect in the young men connected with our colleges the judgment and discretion which belong to mature age — the wisdom that comes only by experience. But if we had the ear of these young men, we could not but say to them: There will come a time ere long in your history, when many of the things which you now regard as of great consequence will seem to you "trifles light as air," and other things which you are now disposed to undervalue will assume their true importance in your regard. As you pass on in life, and your college days recede, you will come to value more and



more the regular discipline and drill of the college course, and think more meanly of secret societies and other outside appendages. You will see that the main value of the college lies not in large, loose, miscellaneous reading, in boat-racing, in nightly clubs and social festivities, but in submitting the mind honestly and thoroughly to that long and vigorous curriculum of study which the wisdom of maturer minds has devised. Happy will it be for you, if you can, from your after-years, look back upon your college life, not as a period of trifling, pleasure-seeking, and frivolty, but as the time when your intellect was disciplined, your powers developed, and the whole man made ready for the great work of life. Happy if you can say to some chosen companion of those early and halcyon days, what the poet Cowley could say to his friend, —

"Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,  
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,  
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,  
Wondered at us from above.  
We spent them not in toys, in lust, in wine,  
But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,  
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

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### ARTICLE III.

#### THE HYMNS OF CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE name of this lady has within the last few years become somewhat familiar to Americans, through two or three of her devotional poems, which have found their way into the hymn-books and hearts of the people. One in particular, whose authorship was not known until it had become quite domesticated with us, has been universally recognized as a most valuable contribution to hymnology. We allude to the one commencing, —

"Just as I am, without one plea."



Another, perhaps next in favor among us, begins thus :

“ My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say  
‘ Thy will be done ! ’ ”

It bears, like the other, the impress of high poetical genius, as well as deep Christian feeling. The concluding stanzas are especially excellent :

“ Renew my will from day to day ;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say  
‘ Thy will be done ! ’ ”

“ So when on earth, I breathe no more  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,  
‘ Thy will be done ! ’ ”

Had these two hymns been Miss Elliott's only contributions to sacred poetry, the world would have been greatly her debtor, for who can estimate the influence of a really good hymn ? There are states of feeling in which even the tenderest words of Scripture hardly meet the heart's sore and aching sensitiveness ; times of depression, whether from disease, or affliction, or sin, when the distance between God and us seems so great that we cannot approach to him on the throne of his ineffable splendors, but when the record of *human* suffering and deliverance, embodied in some familiar verse, may lead us where we can feel the healing touch of Christ's soft hand. Could we read, as God reads, and as perhaps we shall be permitted to, when we reach heaven, the history of one well-known hymn, the instances of awakening, conversion, and sanctification in which it has borne a part, we should have a new illustration how God uses the weak things of this world to subdue the mighty. We do not wonder to be told that, “ an eminent clergyman of the Church of England, almost as well known for his profound exegetical works on this side the Atlantic as the other, once said to Miss Elliott, when she was bemoaning her inability to do more for Christ by active effort, that he should be happy if all his ministers had done as much good as this one hymn of hers, ‘ Just as I am. ’ ” “ The good,” says the Rev. William Bacon

Stevens, who introduces the American edition of the 'Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week,' "the good which this single hymn has done, the feeble faith which it has encouraged, the timid resolve which it has strengthened, the wavering minds which it has fixed, and the many souls who have made its verses a vehicle by which they have consecrated themselves to Christ, can be known only when 'the day shall declare it.'" Take, for another instance, that hymn of Toplady's, written less than a hundred years ago, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!" or Wesley's, "Jesus, lover of my soul!" What associations are blended with these in our minds. How often have we listened to them, or repeated them for our own consolation, or that of others, until now they never fail to awaken a long train of precious recollections. And how many other souls have they cheered and comforted as well; how many new-born children of God have fed upon their sweetness, and how many dying saints have breathed out in them their latest breath. Just now, nothing has affected us more in the sad memorials of the decease of the late princely consort of the Queen of England than this touching record of his last hours—that the prayer contained in the first lines of the hymn above referred to was repeated over and over again by him, as he sunk into the arms of death:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Miss Elliott has proved herself worthy to rank with the authors of these hymns, and with Watts, Steele, Montgomery, Cowper, and others, whose productions take an acknowledged precedence in this branch of literature. In the little book whose title we gave a few sentences back, we have fifteen hymns from her pen, all but one or two of which are of rare poetic merit. One of these, less familiar to our readers, we give entire:

"Christian, seek not yet repose;  
Hear thy guardian angel say  
Thou art in the midst of foes—  
    'Watch and pray!'

"Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours—  
    'Watch and pray!'

- "Gird thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one —  
    ' Watch and pray !'
- "Hear the victors who o'ercame,  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All with one sweet voice exclaim —  
    ' Watch and pray !'
- "Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word —  
    ' Watch and pray !'
- "Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray, that help may be sent down —  
    ' Watch and pray !'"

Of still higher excellence, as a hymn adapted to social and public worship as well as to closet musings and devotions, is the following, with which some of our congregations are becoming acquainted. We hardly know where to turn to find anything more perfectly in harmony with spiritual aspirations — the longing to depart, when He sees fit, and to be with Christ. Though in our more recent hymn-books, we must enrich our page with its sweet melody.

- "Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal rest !  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and forever blest.
- "Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thy unveiled glory to behold;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.
- "Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints thy name adore;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.
- "Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove;  
Then neither life nor death will part  
Me from Thy presence and Thy love."

If any one will contrast the indwelling soul of this "divine song" with the very best of Thomas Moore's "sacred melodies," for example, he will detect the difference, if his heart has ever felt it, between the spirit of a mere "Nature-worship" and that of the Christian's adoration and holy, heavenly love. The hymn commencing—

"My God! is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to Thy feet —  
The hour of prayer?"

is also in this collection of "Hymns for a Week," the popular favor of which at home is indicated by the twenty-nine editions through which the work has already run.

We learn from the preface to the American reprint, that Miss Elliott is the daughter of Charles Elliott, Esq., of London, and "the descendant of a long line of ministers of the Church of England," among whom was the Rev. Henry Venn, author of "The Complete Duty of Man." Brought up in a Christian home, and early consecrating herself to the God of her fathers, she has been precluded the active service of Christ, in which she would have so much delighted, by being an invalid all her life. Yet we question whether there has not been as much true activity in God's work in that retirement as in many most outwardly busy religious lives. Her own feelings in regard to this discipline seem to be expressed in the following hymn, which may comfort other souls under the same trial:

"Saviour! though my rebellious will  
Has been by Thy blest power renewed,  
Yet in its secret workings still  
How much remains to be subdued.

"Oft I recall, with grief and shame,  
How many years their course had run,  
Ere grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,  
Ere I could say, 'Thy will be done.'

"I wished a flowery path to tread,  
And thought 'twould safely lead to heaven;  
A lonely room, a suffering bed —  
These for my training-place were given.

" Long I resisted, mourned, complained,  
 Wished any other lot my own ;  
 Thy purpose, Lord, unchanged remained,  
 What wisdom planned, love carried on.

" Year after year, I turned away,  
 But marred was every scheme I planned,  
 Still the same lesson, day by day,  
 Was placed before me by Thy hand.

" At length Thy patient, wondrous love,  
 Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,  
 Availed that stubborn heart to move,  
 Which had rebelled, alas ! so long.

" Then was I taught by Thee to say,  
 ' Do with me what to Thee seems best ;  
 Give, take whate'er Thou wilt, away,  
 Health, comfort, usefulness, or rest ;

" ' Be my whole life in suffering spent,  
 But let me be in suffering Thine ;  
 Still, O my Lord, I am content,  
 Thou now hast made Thy pleasure mine.' "

This lady has edited a volume entitled "The Invalid's Hymn-Book," which contains more than a hundred of her poems, and has also contributed largely to a collection of Psalms and Hymns edited by her brother, the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott. A personal history like hers reminds one of Madame de Staël's significant interrogatory : "Celui qui n'a pas souffert, que sait il ?" — *He who has suffered nothing, what does he know ?* Not the best lessons which may be gathered from this probation, certainly. It requires an almost intolerable heat to ripen the richest fruits. And herein lies the compensation of such trials ; even as a spirit kindred to her own has sung :

" Thank God for grace,  
 Whoever weeps ; albeit, as some have done,  
 Ye grope tear-blinded, in a desert place,  
 And touch but tombs, — look up ! Those tears  
 Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face, will run  
 And leave the vision clear for stars and sun."

## ARTICLE IV.

## THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

*The Recreations of a Country Parson.* First and Second Series. pp. 444, 430. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.

THE fate of books is singular. A thick tome of divinity changes the religious views of a generation; another work of equal ability slumbers undusted in the Athenæum Library, perhaps escaping the glance of even Dr. Dryasdust. A little book of poetry with the name "Festus" printed on the back goes to a great many thousand sentimental homes, while the vigorous poetry of the elder Dana is out of print. Uncle Tom's Cabin delighted us all a few years ago, and now we feel silly for having been so interested in it; but perhaps the same readers would be just as eager for a new sensation. No publisher can gauge the public taste. If he aspires too confidently to such an office, he simply invests a fortune in unsalable copies of unimportant works. What a fate awaits the books of young authors! You have to hunt them up in old book-stalls when the writers have gained reputation, yet in those very volumes you can often find very true autobiographies. How many memoirs there are of men quite unknown, whose friends invested a few dollars in gathering up their literary remains, and, in doing so, brought together a crude mass of useless materials, saying to the reader, "Digest and arrange for yourself." Oh, the crowd of useless books! And what ingenuity the book-seller uses to sell those dusty volumes! And how the book-worm feels when he attends a book-auction and sees the richly bound volumes rudely jostled together and sold one by one, by a man who trumps up their merits in a rude way which would have disgusted the authors! We always feel oppressed in a large library, first, with the poverty of our own knowledge, next with the folly of those who wrote for fame after death. It is the sepulchre of literary fame; the very air and stillness have a touch of the tomb. In the study from which we write,

we have no such feeling. The books are not many; they are well-thumbed; we buy but few, and go upon the principle that it is best to be eternally ignorant of the greater number. Our books are mostly solid meat; we have to guard against the error of valuing them too highly and to the neglect of the study of man; but our neighbor buys books to smoke over and amuse himself with; and so we have no need to lend books to each other. Here, then, are two kinds of literature whose readers never exchange greetings. But how many of these books will be in human hands fifty years hence? Did not the *Retropective Review*, the best antiquarian literary journal ever published, fail in a few years, for want of support? And did not Sir Egerton Brydges have to maintain his antique crotchets by a private printing-press at his own expense? From which may we not come to the conclusion that the living care very little for the works of the dead, be they books or other things, always excepting those whose leisure lies heavily on their hands.

We have had to go through all this moralizing about the fate of books to clear our mind of little whims and freaks of thought. It will serve, too, as a contrast to what follows. For the idea we had in mind was this — that very few books live from generation to generation, and that those which survive have a very peculiar character. They are not lexicons, for those can be superseded; they are not books on geology or chemistry, or even on mathematics; they are not works on theology, for these too often mix up matters too foreign to the Bible to survive their age; they are not political debates; they are not thin volumes of poetry written by love-sick swains; they are those books which record personal feeling, and which were written with the freedom and ease of a gentleman talking in his own house to his own friends of his likes and dislikes. They are not very numerous. The men are few who can write them. The men are yet fewer who have just that position in life which secures the harmonious development of their faculties. These are the books which amuse because you can see all things in the light in which the author saw them. You never take them up to gain information on any particular subject; but you find yourself very often referring to them as authority in respect to certain actions. You can turn to them if a lady



has jilted you, and perhaps find that the author himself was jilted. His way of telling his story will soothe the feelings as truly as if you had related your own grievances to an intimate friend. How many copies of the *Reveries of a Bachelor* are put away in the libraries and trunks of the unmarried! It is this class of people perhaps more than any other who relish the revelations of personal feeling. They come to them as the society of the gifted and the cultivated, the society of wife and children comes to other men. How many young ladies have gone into ecstasy over Longfellow's *Evangeline*, because it appeals so truly to the unemployed feelings; yet the same persons with the cares of a family to attend to would say, not to the author, but to us, for instance, that the poem was too romantic. But these books may appeal to the mind at all or any stages of its unfolding. Happy are the authors who mingle the mature and the youthful in such harmony that the book which charmed in childhood shall yet instruct in old age. Is not this true especially of that book to which most go to find words which shall define their feelings and experiences—the Bible? Was ever book written with such variety of incident—so full of consolation?

But we can turn to other books which fall under the class named. All good biographies—and we have many which are very popular—belong here. For the biography of a wise and noble man is the pleasantest kind of reading. With art on the part of the biographer, the incidents and fortunes of the man surprise you at every step, and there goes on that kind of comparison with one's self which gives you a pleasant, if not accurate estimate of your own powers. It is also a great thing to have fully understood one human life. It is next to self-knowledge; in fact, contributes mainly to it. But all those books which give the personality of the writer are of the nature of autobiography, and are of use just as racy and easy conversation is of use to impart to you the personal traits of the one you talk with. The scholar and theologian will at once think of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, which make him as much a living man as when, the Bishop of Hippo, he ruled the African Church. Good old Izaak Walton comes in for his share of praise, and, indeed, our language is rich in personal jottings—

down of its great men. Where will you find an author who has made surer fame than Plutarch — the study of statesmen? — or the French Plutarch, Montaigne, who is as much read to-day as he was three centuries ago? How full these two writers are of instruction! They must have watched eagerly for traits of character in their readings, in their conversations. And Goldsmith, Hazlitt, Lamb, Archdeacon Hare, *Horæ Subsecivæ* Brown, and the Country Parson belong to the same class. They each look at life like the novelist; they seize upon sharp traits; they note down what every one sees but can't express; they make comments colored by their own feelings; and always have enough self-conceit to give their comments dignity, unlike the novelist who is or ought to be hidden from his work, so that his characters may breathe and act naturally. Their writings may not command the same number of readers as the novelist's; but the interest of both is due to the use of the same kind of materials, only in different ways. And here it must be remembered, that no book can possibly appeal to every human being at all times; hence when we speak of the Country Parson as one of the authors always popular, we simply mean that he unites in himself those qualities of mind and heart which touch a very great number of hearts; for they are above nobody's comprehension, and they touch upon the commonest events. They turn into philosophy what the multitude looks at as isolated facts.

Here we have come to perhaps the most important trait of this new writer. He has a generalizing mind. It acts unconsciously in taking up all sorts of things and putting them under some general law, so that they can be easily grasped by others who grope for the law in vain. He takes up "the art of putting things." Illustrations crowd about him; or, perhaps, the anecdotes and filling up come first, and finally, with much thinking, the general law is put in the vise of some apt phrase. Now it seems to us that the mind which can thus draw the threads of a sound human philosophy out of the tangled web of life is truly philosophic. It makes a science of common things. It may not seem profound. Nor does Richard Hooker's "consideration of the nature of law in general, and of that law which giveth life to all the rest, which are commendable, just, and

good ; namely, the law whereby the Eternal himself doth work," seem very profound as he unfolds one feature after another until he has traced all things up to their fountain-head. It is not the appearance of profundity which makes even your religious philosopher, but the simplicity and depth of his thought. We would not rank the Country Parson with the "judicious Hooker," but his mind is cast in a similar mould. We have seen him ranked as one who can be read "when taking your afternoon nap," or "while sailing in a boat," or "when going down to the bowling-alley for a roll before dinner for exercise." True enough. But the writer so puts the case that you would think the author of the "Recreations" a fool. The truth is, that his illustrations are so familiar and accurate that we take them in at a glance ; that he carries into definite statement our half-formed impressions, and makes us feel ashamed of never having thought of what he says before. Is this putting the case too strongly ? Will the reader forgive us if it is so ? But he has helped us to so much mental philosophy by his sketches of feeling and action, and his comments thereon, that we at once called him our genial philosopher — not as one who attempts to rank with Hamilton or Mansel, but as one who never loses his common sense in dreamy abstractions, and who puts into language as exquisite as sensible the views and feelings of common men. Wisdom like his moves the world. It concerns what is, not what might be. It will make a man successful not only as the world goes, but also in the light of an hereafter. And this, not because the essays are great and stately, but because they are true and homely. The writer himself tells us his object in very plain words :

"I have not forgot, as I wrote them, a certain time, when my little children must go away from their early home ; when these evergreens I have planted and these walks I have made shall pass to my successor (may he be a better man !) ; and when I shall perhaps find my resting-place under these ancient oaks. Nor have I wholly failed to remember a coming day, when bishops and archbishops shall be called to render an account of the fashion in which they exercised their solemn and dignified trusts ; and when I, who am no more than the minister of a Scotch country parish, must answer for the diligence with which I served my little cure."

With such purpose does the Country Parson write; and who cannot see that essays written in this spirit will make men sadder, better, wiser? Their philosophy never airs itself; but their hold upon the heart is the grip of a strong man. Country clergymen of our acquaintance have turned to this new writer with ever increased delight, as his essays have come to us in periodicals or books. And the cause has been in our thinking due chiefly to correct views of life correctly set down. In the twenty-seven essays now published are given the results of a wide observation, wider than the familiar character of the incidents he uses would lead us at first to think; and in no writer on the philosophy of life have we ever before seen so many definite and truthful statements, put so pointedly that they come home to every man's feelings, at the same time so free from peculiar and disgusting idiosyncrasies.

But the merit of our writer, who has so modestly and anonymously made his second bow to the public, is not confined to his genial philosophy. There is quite another excellence, that of style. He has been compared to Cowley as an essayist. He writes in the same vein as Goldsmith, and Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb. His style ambles along with his subject, and has such perfection that you never think how, but only what he is saying. A few rare turns of expression will surprise you now and then; but the course of thought is for the most part like easy, good-natured conversation. It makes you feel easy, and cheerful in the reading, and sometimes calls out a smile. We have gone to these volumes very often in the past few weeks, when jaded beyond endurance with the small worries of life, and they have never failed to impart cheerfulness and heal unstrung nerves. Indeed, this is the chief work of such writings. They appeal to that *consensus* in man which we call the soul, or rational nature, and their success is in proportion as they touch upon just that which makes us human. Here is an author who writes of that which he sees, feels, knows. With his experience from his point of view, he instructs gladly in the art of successful living, and in his way of putting things consists the charm of his style. There are no grand phrases, swelling up coil on coil; but every sentence forms itself naturally, and the thought is given in very plain, idiomatic English. Southey's

"Doctor" was written in much the same way — as the recreation of a life overmuch given to other and laborious cares ; and yet all Southey's other works present no such harmonious combination of his faculties as the "Doctor." These essays also have been the fruit of hours stolen from a busy life. They smack of the rugged soil. The personal qualities of the author flow into and through them ; you have him in his fatigue dress. If the parson is a very prominent figure, we will not quarrel, though all may not admire his professional allusions as much as we do. But the essential thing is that the man is at his ease and has some valuable facts to tell his fellow-men ; and will you notice how definitely he states things, with what exactness, what discrimination, with what manly hate of all meanness ? Now it is our canon that these points are the main things in a good style ; and we have accorded to the Country Parson, in spite of some coarse phrases, the perfection of the pleasurable essay-writer.

To show more plainly what we mean, let us turn to some of our modern periodical essayists. We shall then have the force of contrast. The success of periodical writing is measured by its immediate effect ; the magazines are current only during the interval of publication ; the essays must have snap and vigor to be read and to bear off the palm. The aim of the author is brilliancy and effect ; even truthfulness is valued less than power to stir up feeling. The influence upon contributors is to make them aim at effect often regardless of truth ; while the style is apt to have too great dignity for the thought, or too much *ad captandum* to do anything more than to amuse. And as magazines have got great currency in these times, and have drawn into their vortex famous writers, the result has been to infuse the magazine style very generally into our literature. Take down your volumes of the British periodical essayists. Read a few pages in Jeffrey — the sentences compact, easy, natural ; then turn to Macaulay — the sentences bristling with pith and facts, cumulative, each word put in to do service ; then to Carlyle — the sentences ragged, torn, chaotic, a burning confusion of adjectives and invective ; or to Sir James Stephens, who followed in the wake of the late British historian ; then to the whole tribe of quarterly reviewers, each one of whom aims

to be either dignified or pithy. In fact, open any periodical of rank, and what do you find? Not very easy writing. The "Edinburgh" is full of heavy cannonading, does admirable execution; "Blackwood" is pithy, taking, thoroughly good; so is the "North British," and the "British Quarterly;" but in these very reviews what dignified dulness! And what man would take them up with keen human zest, unless he had grown into familiarity with the subjects which they treat of? What farmer or common man ever reads these reviews? They belong to scholars. Take the lighter magazines. They are admirable in their way; but mark each article, and how often do you find one thoroughly genial, one which any man would feel interested in, one written in a natural style? Take the periodicals of any one month, and we venture to assert that you shall not find more than one or two articles which you would be greatly pleased to read for their own sakes. The writers are "screws," in the Country Parson's interpretation of that word. Then take up Sir Thomas Browne, or the "Spectator," or any one of those essayists who wrote in the last century. How changed the style! They were easy, graceful; we are stately or artificial. We have mentioned this magazine style at length because it is so very prevalent, because it is running so much into our best books — themselves made up of contributions to the magazines; to which, indeed, our Country Parson is a contributor. But he bids fair to produce partially a revolution in the popular taste, and may mark a return to greater individuality and freedom of expression. We would not be understood as undervaluing the great merits of the writers and magazines just mentioned; but we think all will agree that they do not run in an easy vein; that they are infected with the spirit of machine-writing.

In one more respect must we comment upon present modes of thought. They are too much of a piecemeal character. It is the mark of genius to give a new form to familiar thoughts, (and in this respect the Country Parson belongs to the order); but genius almost always detects a synthesis between remote or unknown elements; it brings out the law from a mass of facts, and thus justifies its best definition — patient thinking. We have a great many suggestive writers. Critics describe

them as thoughtful. They are recluse, meditative men, who look upon the world with the eye of a philosopher, who pry into human life with considerable insight, who have much sentimental yearning, who pride themselves upon a fastidious individuality, who sometimes go so far as to consider dirty linen or general shabbiness as the mark of genius. These men write for magazines or publish books. They often belong to the transcendental school initiated by Coleridge in England, by Emerson in this country. They affect a mysterious profundity; their writings are the faint glimmerings of truth; they talk about the laws of the soul, elective affinities, the inner life, ecstacy of vision, and all along they continually hint at what they have not clear ideas enough of to express; they do not think, but simply meditate and dream. So they never clear themselves of this misty indefiniteness of thought; and yet you will in vain try to combine the laws of cause and effect to unriddle their puzzles. They are much read by young people who are tremendously in earnest. We have had our days of transcendental suggestiveness. It was several years ago in college. We used to carry Emerson's "Essays" into woody solitudes, and pore over them with fascination, imagining we were getting at the secrets of the universe; we read "Sartor Resartus," and had some ingenious speculations about the devil; we wrote essays which were continually hinting at the profounder laws, though for the life of us we could never tell exactly what they were; we borrowed Kant from the library; we got a smattering of Schelling; we read German; we read Coleridge on the "Reason and the Understanding," also on the "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit;" we were full of grand thoughts (not our own); we had the reputation of profundity in college; we read the life of every whining literary starveling as eagerly as if he had been a saint. It was curious what a jumble of suggestive thoughts was in one small head. How we, a little band, used to pity our classmates who had no such glorious visions of superior ideas! But we were graduated in process of time, and came into contact with real life; we slowly shook ourselves free from the charm of a way of thinking which had been so wanting in common sense. We packed up our transcendental books in one corner of the library, near the top shelf; the slowly



gathering dust of several years is on them now, and may it continue to accumulate. Since then we have administered to many young men cordials for the mental derangement we were once in. But the writers who were our guides in those years have themselves changed. They are more practical; yet the *animus* of their former thoughts remains; they never come to any generous, broad, useful conclusions.

Now, dear reader, just think in the books you have read how general this spirit of suggestiveness is. How many writers are valued only for this one quality. Willis, Curtis, Emerson, Whipple, Tuckerman — all very suggestive, animating writers — what completeness is there in their views of life? They are wise, observing, sparkling, earnest; but they never seem to sum up their thoughts into systematic form. They cause you to think, but they seldom join thoughts to each other so that you see the law by which they are connected. They omit just what the reader has a right to demand. And this incompleteness is the chief fault with all such books as we have described in the first part of this article. They make up, however, in geniality what they lack in systematic thought. But the great danger in reading such books habitually is, that you fall into the habit of suggesting things yourself instead of thinking out clearly the ideas you have. In this way, you may fill the mind with odds and ends of things, without ever being able to think correctly or usefully on any subject. And this is the bane of popular essayists, popular reviewers, popular writers. You not merely have thinking at second-hand; the thinking itself is given only in a crude form.

But we must make a distinction even among suggestive writers, between those who, in playing with thoughts, flash out mere fancies, and those who think so intensely that while they write with power upon a given subject, their thoughts scintillate and ramify almost every other — who can never write without scattering with perfect naturalness a profusion of such thoughts by the way. Ruskin, and Hare, and the author of "*Friends in Council*" belong to this class, while not a few celebrities in the rationalizing school of authors belong most unmistakably to the other.

And especially do we except the writers of books full of

personal feeling, of individual humor, from this stigma. They do not aim to give thought, but to show themselves. You care little whether the thinking be correct or not, provided it is given in a pleasant way. The writer's aim is to be himself, and to tell just what he knows, what he thinks. He is more often writing for recreation than for party or reputation; yet a man who has thought well and lived wisely, in his recreative hours will give out the quintessence of human wisdom, because it has come to be the natural atmosphere of his mind. Hence the value of memoirs of eminent men, and of essayists who write not at the dictation of a magazine editor but to suit themselves. Hence, too, the value of the Country Parson's Recreations. They were not written apparently to order, but their subject-matter had been collecting for years. A discriminating mind had looked on men and women as they actually lived, and had put under various heads the accidents and realities of life. It had gone through with enough of human experience to give both the bright and the dark side, and to temper the one with the other. And so you have these essays published so elegantly in this their American dress. We thought at first of presenting a dissected view of several, that the reader might with us trace out what was peculiar in them; but the framework of each essay is so slender, so delicately put together, that when exhibited by itself you can gain no just idea of the superstructure. This may weaken our former statement that the author is a genial, and, in his way, a profound philosopher. But where one is writing on life in its social and moral aspects, it seems odd to make logical divisions and abstract statements. It is more natural to state results, and to try to put them in such a light that every one will acknowledge their truthfulness. Here our author is inimitable in his subtle and delicate transitions from topic to topic, always saying just enough to impress upon us what he has in mind. The shrewdness of his insight, the discriminating acuteness of his practical mind, are manifest upon every page. All the tender and inmost thoughts you ever had — thoughts which each one of us goes over and over in our solitary minds — he touches upon with delicacy and happy skill. He states the truth, while he dissipates the cloud of sentimental feeling which often obscures the heart. And of great worth is

the power of speaking the truth here, without soiling virgin freshness of feeling, without blasting sensitive emotions, which, rightly educated, are of great help in making manhood. He excels in ability to express and picture *latent* thoughts. He has not exactly the novelist's power in this respect, but more than the novelist's geniality. Withal there is genuine cheerfulness in the *Recreations*. "No matter if the world is so very bad; take it as it is, and do the best you can:"—this is the motto of the Country Parson, and of the Anglican Church to which he belongs. It gives you a cheerful, Christian view of life. A clergyman, even in his recreative hours, must dwell upon the serious as well as merry side of character. The remark holds true with the author of these essays. He is serious and mirthful.

We have all along implied that our author's forte is in the delineation of character. Off this ground he is not in his element. He does not describe events well; he lacks the sparkle of the genuine magazinist. The essay on "Life at the Water-Cure" is tame after the second page, almost worthless, no better than the common run of book reviews. "Concerning Glasgow down the Water," where incidents abound, is poor. "Concerning Churchyards" has much curious information, but the writer shuffles through it too slowly, and the subject does not give scope to his genial comments. "Concerning Man and his Dwelling-place" is good because it is personal and gives a very searching analysis of Mr. Buckle, and of a very remarkable book. "Concerning the Pulpit in Scotland" is better than any yet named; but none of these have the homely, natural humor which belongs to those which we have not named, which fill the remainder of the volumes, which are made up of personal observations, of original thoughts on the commonest topics, of pictures of mental character which we are all familiar with, of hints and consolations and mutual confessions between the reader and the writer, which often open a new world to us—the world of our own hearts excited to press to solution the question, How shall we best live? All the "Concernings" which touch upon topics that come right home to us are the best of reading and very instructive. How many serious, earnest thoughts are not only started, but followed up in "Con-

cerning Future Years!" What a satisfactory comment upon the works of immature persons is "Concerning Veal!" Read it thoughtfully, and you will never forget its consoling, wise counsel. "Concerning Screws!" — we say not merely how *suggestive*, but how skilfully has the writer in his own genial way applied this thought to all that concerns us! "Concerning the Worries of Life, and How to Meet them" — there is a vein of cheerfulness in this essay which is native to the Country Parson, as also in "Concerning Giving Up and Coming Down," in "Concerning Two Blisters of Humanity," and in "Concerning Growing Old;" while "Concerning the Art of Putting Things" informs you how to make the most of your own powers, and "Concerning the Dignity of Dulness" tells us that if we cannot make a reputation by our wits, we can make it through the very want of wits. No doubt this essay is the most popular of any; we like it. But perhaps the Country Parson writes most genially and happily "Concerning the Country Parson's Life" and "Concerning the Parson's Choice," — both essays the outcome of "a quiet and lonely life, little varied and very happy," "written as something which might afford variety of work, which often proves the most restful of all recreations." Country Parsons! do these two essays, and indeed all, depict life as you have found it? Have you found time to frame as genial a philosophy of human nature? Do you preach sermons which make men better and wiser? Do you so love your work as to write of it with purely recreative zest? Then stay in your parsonages, and thank God for the blessing of a *little* cure. But if you are soured in temper and in piety, if you are always complaining about your finances, and are pinched in faith as well as in pocket, be sure Providence has another call for you, which, if you are wise, you will accept forthwith and be thankful.

After having thought much and carefully, we have come to the conclusion that a chief reason why many of our parish churches are so poorly attended is the want of adaptation of so many of the clergy to the work of religious teaching, and the effect of this upon a great many hearts who are not likely to be won to Christ and right living save through the faithfulness of their parish minister. The most of people look at the ser-

mons which they hear through the personal character of the preacher; and what, with very frequent changes of pastors, and the continual learning of the ways of the new-comer, and the utterance of contradictory sentiments from the same pulpit, can we hope for our New England *so-called* blessed in the Faith? We long for parish ministers who will inculcate right philosophy, right religious views, and show a right character. We long for something very difficult to find; and perhaps God never intended that we should have religious teachers much freer from imperfections of character and thought than ourselves, if so be they can only treat successfully human frailty with human frailty — *screws* helping *screws* to get on in life. But here we must leave the “Recreations,” hoping the author will continue to write, as men and women show new traits of character to him. In a collection of papers which has given us so much genuine pleasure, we do not care to dissect out literary blemishes — there always will be some — nor yet to indicate just what exceptions might perhaps be taken to here and there an opinion. We willingly pass by this, in hearty gratification that at last we have found a Christian philosopher in a practical essayist.

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## ARTICLE V.

### TWO PICTURES, JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN.

AS DRAWN IN GALATIANS 4: 21-31.

PICTURE-WRITING is primitive and universal. Especially does the Oriental mind fall naturally and freely into this mode of expressing ideas. It allegorizes as spontaneously as it thinks. This kind of word-painting (says Lord Kames) is in every respect similar to a hieroglyphical picture, excepting only that colors give place to language. Their effects are precisely the same. The hieroglyph raises two images in the mind, — one seen which represents one not seen: an allegory does the same.

The representative subject is described; and resemblance leads us to apply the description to the subject represented. A most correct and beautiful example of the true allegory (cited by Kames) is found in the eightieth Psalm, where the Church is portrayed by a vine brought from Egypt, and a vineyard propagated from it; but this religious application of it is wholly left to the reader's discovery, from the nice blending into it of the characteristic features of that which was designed to be thus delineated.\* This definition is adopted by Trench in substance. Distinguishing the allegory from the parable he says that the latter differs from the former by comparing one thing with another, at the same time preserving them apart as an inner and an outer; not transferring, as does the allegory, the properties and qualities and relations of the one to the other.†

According to these authorities, the passage now to be investigated is not an allegory, in strict terms. Our English translators have so entitled it rather, apparently, from the coincidence of sound between the original and the vernacular word — *ἀλληγοροῦμενα* — than from a close keeping to the rules of criticism. And Macknight is in error in making this an illustration of what he calls the *natural*, in distinction from the *instituted*, allegory. But as, in a connected passage of his elaborate prefaces to this epistle, he speaks of David's and Jonah's histories, and the whole Levitical ritual, as allegorical emblems of specific events and institutions of the gospel-economy, the conclusion suggests itself that the allegory and the type were regarded by this commentator as the same. Ellicott also retains this phraseology; but afterwards calls these correlated facts types and antitypes. This expressing one thing by another is the common quality of these three modes of literary representation. But each has its own laws, which are not to be confounded. Each is pictorial. But the allegory is a single picture, which must reveal its own intended double. The parable is a twofold picture, the second part explaining the first. The type is a pattern or general similitude to a person or event or thing which is to come. [cf. Calmet.

The words used by Paul — *ἅτινά ἐστιν ἀλληγοροῦμενα* — are not grammatically rendered, "which things are an allegory."

\* "Elements of Criticism," II. 197, 198.

† "Parables," p. 16.

The form of the participial verb should not be thus given as a substantive, even if the allegorical sense be held; for to allegorize a history is not to convert it into allegory. (Bloomf. *in loco*.) An early construction reads the phrase: "which things are spoken per allegoriam;" *i. e.* as if in allegory; and later annotators have modified this into "which things sunt allegorizata," — are, have been, are to be allegorized, or understood of the gospel-state in some loose way of accommodation to it. Conybeare and Howson follow in the same lead. A condensed review of these criticisms (anterior to his date) may be found in Bloomfield, who rejects them, and maintains, after reputable authorities cited by him, that there is too close a correspondence between the correlated histories introduced to justify any less strict rule of interpretation than that of type and antitype. The new translation of Ellicott is here given for convenience of immediate reference.

"(21) Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law? (22) For it is written, that Abraham had two sons; one by the bond-maid, and one by the free-woman. (23) Howbeit, he *who was* of the bond-maid was born after the flesh; but he of the free-maid was through the promise. (24) All which things are allegorical [read, typical]; for these women are two covenants — the one from Mount Sinai, bearing children unto bondage; and this is Agar. (25) For the word Agar signifieth in Arabia Mount Sinai; and she ranketh with Jerusalem which now is, for she is in bondage with her children. (26) But Jerusalem which is above is free, and she is our mother. (27) For it is written, Rejoice *thou* barren that bearest not; break forth and cry thou that travailest not: for many children hath the desolate one more than she which hath a husband. (28) But ye, brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise. (29) Still as then, he that was born after the flesh persecuted him *that was born* after the spirit, even so *it is* now. (30) Nevertheless, what saith the scripture? Cast out the bond-maid and her son: for the son of the bond-maid shall in no wise be heir with the son of the free-woman. (31) Wherefore, brethren, we are not children of a bond-maid, but of the free-woman."

The tendencies of the Galatian church set strongly towards a relapse into the bondage of a Judaistic ritualism. The whole drift of St. Paul's epistle to its members was, to stem that cur-



rent at its beginning by a clear and earnest exhibition of the one doctrine of human salvation and gospel liberty through Christ. This purpose he follows up with almost more than his wonted cogency of argument and directness of appeal. Indeed, the whole communication bears evidence of the mental and moral stimulus of a very righteous indignation against certain *bewitching* teachers who were attempting to steal away his spiritual children to their sacramentarianism, by denying that he was really in "holy orders," that is, in the apostolical succession, as if the Damascus ordination was not sufficient. It was most natural that Luther, in the early times of the Reformation, should have seized upon these fervent chapters as the text of his daily preaching to the people just awaking from the long sleep of popish paganism. The apostle's sword plays through these pages with a double-edged execution, sweeping down error and its authors with that uncompromising straightforwardness which both deserve, when to the poison of religious falsehood is added the personal overbearing of its disseminators. The controversy which this epistle has handed down to us seems to be essentially, both in the wrong doctrine taught and in the wrong temper of its teachers, the same with that of the ritualistic or sacramentarian crusade of modern times, as embodied especially in prelatic, but not exclusively papal, pretensions.

Prosecuting his exposition of Christian grace as the ground, and Christian freedom as the results, of human redemption, the writer introduces, by way of illustrating his position, the incident of Abrahamic history here recorded. Those who were so zealous for the law and the fathers he summons (v. 21) to hear what was spiritually taught by these ancient scriptures. "For it is written, that Abraham had two sons; one by the bond-maid, and one by the free-woman" (22). These are brought forward as the type and antitype of the "two covenants," or rather dispensations (*institutio* — *διαθήκη*; *διατίθημι*, — *dispono*; *Bretchneider*) of the Old and New Testaments. The points of correlation are thus set down after an early English bishop :

Bondage,  
Hagar,  
Ishmael,

Liberty;  
Sarah;  
Isaac;

Law in Sinai,	Gospel by Christ ;
Jerusalem that now is,	Jerusalem above ;
Jews circumcised,	Christians baptized ;
The Paschal Feast,	The Lord's Supper ;
The Sabbath,	The Lord's Day.

If this parallelism covers more ground than all will admit to be pertinent thereto, its substance is undeniably true and scriptural. Hagar, the patriarch's bond-slave, Ishmael, born of her by unassisted natural strength, "after the flesh," describe exactly the polity of the Hebrew church — a restricted economy in every sense, shut up under symbols and shadows, tutors and governors, a condition of partial ecclesiastical and spiritual emancipation ; yet with a glorious jubilee in prospect. This was the legal captivity of Sinai which the bond-maid Hagar prefigured, as her name by a singular coincidence was a popular appellation of the Sinaitic range of mountains in Arabia — Hagar signifying a rock, and thus probably coming to denote the rocky Sinai. So Chrysostom : also Grotius, who says that in that vicinity there was a city named from Hagar ; hence the mountain was so called by synecdoche. Hence, also, in Psalm 83 : "Hagarenes." (cf. Alexander *in loco*.) So Ellicott says, "It is thus obvious that this interpretation presupposes that *Ayap* was a provincial name of the mountain. The best authority for the assertion seems to be the careful and diligent Büsching, who adduces the statement of Harant, that Sinai was still called Hadschar in his time ; . . . there seems nothing unnatural in supposing that *Ayap* actually was, and possibly *may* be now, the strictly *provincial* name of the portion of the mountain now commonly called "Dschebel Musa." This St. Paul might have learned during his stay in that country."

This legal intralment was both ceremonial and moral : the first, to a wearisome and most punctilious ritual, which, however, had its important disciplinary and educational uses ; the last, to the hopelessness of salvation from sin on the basis of obedience to a perfect code of religious duty to God and man, which cuts off the claim of Socinian self-righteousness as entirely as its other arm demolishes the formalist's hope. The seed of Hagar was Ishmael, inheriting his mother's fortunes. The offspring of

Sinai "which gendereth" — bringeth forth children — to bondage, was Jerusalem or the whole Jewish ecclesiastical state, for which its central city is the just representative. These rank together, stand in file — *συντοίχῃ*. Jerusalem, on her distinctive Hebrew platform, was in servitude under law; her people having connection with Abraham by natural descent; but if only so having connection with God and his kingdom, being still involved in a spiritual bondage personally, as well as a ritualistic bondage nationally.

This was the condition of the Jew, intralled externally and ceremonially by prescriptions which awaited in Christ their fulfilment as spiritual realizations; and inwardly and vitally enslaved to guilt and fear, from which the revelations of Sinai brought him no escape. From all of this the apostle asserted the Christian's emancipation. And so we turn to our other picture.

In Sarah, the free woman, the gospel church has its prototype. Her son was "by promise" — supernatural agency coming in to his generation to obviate the course of natural laws (cf. Gen. 17, and Rom. 4). Here is a foreshadowing of His greater nativity whom Gabriel announced to the virgin-mother; and also of the second birth of all the spiritual seed of "the father of the faithful." Thus given by special promise from God to his parents, and born in a state of typical freedom, Isaac became the fit type of the spiritual church and kingdom of Christ on earth and in heaven. This is called "the Jerusalem above" — *ἄνω* — "the mother of us all;" *free*, in the spirit and laws of its Founder. Here is indicated the unity, indivisible and eternal, of all believers, as well as the source of the power which has incorporated them in this fellowship, and the platform of equal privileges on which they stand. Children of the promise (by virtue of promise) as Isaac was, are we, the apostle avers; possessors of all these immunities in the Jerusalem above, the city of God. And this representation of Christian enfranchisement covers the entire history of spiritual religion, past and future, though in widely different measures. For this typification must not be compressed within time-limits so as to obliterate the weighty truth, that the church has always stood on the same covenant in Christ; that her real life

is identical in all ages ; that, hampered as has been its development by local and temporary restraints — the bondage of the letter — its growth and movement has been steadily progressive under this law of freedom, and will be, until that state of complete and blessed deliverance from all entanglements shall be attained which the apostle John describes among the visions of the Apocalypse :

“I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God.” Rev. xxi. 2-3.

To justify these views more thoroughly to his Judaistic readers, the apostle now brings a citation out of their own Scriptures, applying to the purposes of his argument this text from Isaiah liv. 1 : “Rejoice thou barren that bearest not ; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not : for many children hath the desolate one more than she which hath an husband.” This is quoted with verbal accuracy from the lxx. Originally and directly it was predictive of the restored fortunes of the Hebrew church then in great depression. But over and beyond this, it looked to the more expanded and pahnny fortunes of Zion in gospel-periods, as here the spirit of inspiration expressly applies it. This is an example of the *perspective* of prophetic sketching — the point of vision commanding several similar yet distinct events, lying rather disjoined in space than in time to the seer’s eye, having points of obvious approximation, and thrown upon the same canvas. A prediction which had had its proximate and minor accomplishment, was now to find its ulterior and wider. Sarah, mother of the free, barren at first, and desolate when her husband turned from her to the bond-maid, blessed at length by a son through promise, should be the mother of many more offspring than her rival. Taking this from the type to the antitype, it means that however feeble at its commencement were the resources of the Christian church compared with those of the Hebrew ecclesiastical establishment, nevertheless it should multiply and spread

among the nations, as Isaac's progeny outnumbered that of Ishmael. And the pertinency of this to the discourse in hand was, that as now this reign of Christian freedom had been formally inaugurated and was moving on to its predicted and predestined triumphs, it was utterly irrelevant and "behind the times," to be urging up the revival of the old principles and formularies of a state of religious pupilage and bondage. Hagar, Ishmael, Sinai, (the ritualistic), are no more the symbols of the church's spiritual life, of man's spiritual privileges. The world has entered a new era of its moral career. Its emblem now is Sarah, Isaac, the Gospel, the Jerusalem above. Formalism, then, is a wicked and hopeless resurrection. It belongs to Ishmael and the Hagarenes; and with all its mechanical trumperies, under whatever sectarianism developed, should lie still in the grave where our Lord has buried its dead body.

The apostle concludes with a further reference to the same history, by way of encouragement and counsel to his Christian brethren. They should not be surprised nor intimidated at the hostility of their Jewish adversaries. It was only the mocking spirit of Ishmael born *κατὰ σάρκα* — persecuting Isaac born *κατὰ Πνεῦμα*. So it had been and would be. The Jewish church now superseded and outlawed, as a form, would persecute the Christian kingdom of grace. Abraham's natural seed (and Adam's as well) would persecute Abraham's spiritual seed, the offspring of the "second Adam;" — Satan's adherents would, as ever, persecute Christ's. But here, too, the Scripture had spoken prophetically and authoritatively. God commanded Abraham to reject from the patrimonial inheritance Hagar and her mocking son. (Gen. xxi. 10.) The bond and the free could not share in the same heirship. The applications still follow the same line of significance. They are —

(a) Typically; the destiny of the Hebrew ecclesiasticism which was old and ready to vanish away — *ἐγγὺς ἀφαιρισμοῦ* (Heb. viii. 13) before the Christian; which, when Paul wrote, had reached its full period of probation, and was not to be kept upon the stage by any such forced measures as the zealots of Galatia were employing; either in its old church-forms or in any other succeeding thereto. They were working contrary to their own Scriptures, and to the foreordinations of God.

(b) Spiritually; this denotes the intrinsic antagonism of the elements of slavery under sin and emancipation under Christ; that there must be no entangling alliances permitted between the two, doctrinally or practically; that nothing can come of any such amalgamations but weakness and misery—an enfeebled faith and a hybrid piety.

(c) Prophetically and universally; it declares the doom of all who continue their affiliation with the unbelief of natural irreligion, the deadness of unrenewed affections; and fail of the new birth of redemption into the living sympathies of Christ's and the Holy Spirit's fellowship. The separation of the bond and the free is essential, and it must be eternal. While the preponderance of the regenerate to the unregenerate will increase with more and more rapid progression as the ages roll onward, yet it will be as true of the next world as of this, that the children of spiritual bondage cannot be heirs with the sons and daughters of the Lord. The lines of this division run onward forever.

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## ARTICLE VI.

### PASCAL'S RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS AND CHARACTER.

*Thoughts, Letters, and Opuscules of Blaise Pascal.* Translated from the French by O. W. WIGHT, A. M. With Introductory Notices, and Notes from all the Commentators. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

THE name of Pascal, long venerated among scholars, is, in this country at least, comparatively unfamiliar to any other class. The "Provincial Letters," by which he is most widely known, wonderful as they are as models of style and argument, are, from their controversial nature, not fitted to interest the popular mind. And if they were, Pascal cannot be understood by these alone. But he has left other memorials which will bring him near to the hearts of all Christians in proportion as

they are studied. To notice these is the object of the present article; and it may not be amiss, in the first place, to give a short sketch of the life and character of their author.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, June 19th, 1763. Being an only son, and having lost his mother at an early age, he was peculiarly the comfort and companion of his father, who resolved to take the whole direction of his education, and transported his home to Paris, where, at liberty from the professional engagements which had occupied his provincial life, he could give his entire attention to the education of his son, as well as avail himself of the advantages which the metropolis afforded for that purpose.

Pascal pursued a systematic course of study on all necessary subjects, but it was not long before he discovered a special and extraordinary talent for geometry, which his father was at first unwilling to encourage, lest it should distract his attention from other branches of study; but, at length, surprised at the genius which he manifested, ceased to prohibit his mathematical passions, and allowed him to pass his hours of recreation in this, his favorite pursuit.

But constant application soon began to undermine a constitution never robust. At the age of twenty-four, he was attacked with paralysis, and during the rest of his life he was a frequent and often severe sufferer. While yet young, he abandoned the brilliant career of science, upon which he had entered, and influenced in great measure by the example of his sister Jacqueline, who devoted herself to a religious life, at Port Royal, gave himself up to the search after God, and religious truth. No man ever sought more humbly, incessantly, and prayerfully. His convictions of the fallen state of man were most deep, and his admiration of Jesus Christ, and trust in him as a Redeemer from this state, most heartfelt and abiding. The Christian religion appeared to him so plainly the only refuge of humanity, that he meditated, as the great work of his life, a treatise on the "Evidences of Christianity," the disjointed materials for which are collected under the name of "Thoughts;" for he did not live to carry out his great design. More and more the victim of disease, his melancholy lapse into asceticism of which we have traces here and there in the "Thoughts," doubtless contributed



also to shorten his life. This unfortunate tendency manifested itself some years before his death, and increased until the close of life. "We are told," says Rogers, in his fine essay on "The Genius and Writings of Pascal," not only that he lived on the plainest fare and performed the most menial offices for himself; not only that he practised the severest abstinence, and the most rigid devotions, but that he wore beneath his clothes a girdle of iron, with sharp points affixed to it; and that whenever he found his mind disposed to wander from religious subjects, or take delight in things around him, he struck the girdle with his elbow, and forced the sharp points of the iron into his side." And this morbid conscientiousness was carried so far, as finally to prevent him from showing any marks of affection towards those whom he loved most tenderly, lest they should love him in return more than they ought. "They should not" says he, "attach themselves to me, for they ought to spend their time and strength in seeking after God, and pleasing him."

We cannot justify Pascal in these things. It is no stoical indifference to the earthly blessings which God has given, that he commands; they are not set as snares to catch us in our weakness, but rather to refresh and strengthen us for his service, as a wayside spring refreshes the weary traveller, and sends him forward hopefully again on his journey. We cannot but consider this asceticism, with the writer just quoted, as "indeed a proof of the truth which Pascal so passionately meditated upon, the 'greatness and the misery' of man; his strength and his weakness; weakness in supposing that such perversion of all nature could ever be a dictate of duty; strength in performing, without wincing, a task so hard. The American Indian, bearing unmoved the torture of his enemies, exhibits not, we may rest assured, greater fortitude than Pascal, when, with such a heart as his, he received in silence the last ministrations of his devoted friends, and even declined, with cold and averted eye, the assiduities of their zealous love."

Pascal died at the early age of thirty-nine. Corneille said of him — "Scarcely had he begun to live, yet what a name he has left!" In mathematics, polemics, and as a writer on spiritual religion, he left a reputation which any man might envy, and which few have equalled. For the French language he

accomplished great things ; his facile pen moulding it into new forms of beauty, and proving its adaptability to serious as well as familiar themes.

Pascal has been accused of misanthropy. The learned Cousin, has elaborately endeavored to convict him of this. His Essay on "Pascal as a Philosophic Sceptic," is given entire in the edition of Pascal's Works whose title stands at the head of this article, together with its able refutation by Rogers, entitled the "Genius and Writings of Pascal." But we think that any person reading carefully and interpreting honestly these "Thoughts," and taking into account the circumstances in which they were written, cannot fail to acquit him of the charge of scepticism and misanthropy. We are to remember, as Rogers observes, that "they were mere *notes* for Pascal's own use, and were never intended to be published as they are. Many of them are altogether imperfect and undeveloped, some scarcely intelligible. It is impossible to tell with what modifications, and in what connection, they would have stood in the matured form which the master-mind hastily recording them for private reference, would ultimately have given them. Nay, there can scarcely be a doubt that many of them were mere objections which Pascal noted for refutation — not opinions to be maintained by him ; and this in many places may be not obscurely inferred. Some are mere quotations from Montaigne and other authors, extracted for some unknown purpose, but not distinguished in these private memoranda from the writer's own expressions ; so that the first editors of the '*Pensées*' actually printed them in some cases as his. And lastly, some were dictated, in moments of sickness and pain, to an old domestic, who has scrawled them in a fashion which sufficiently shows that it is very possible that some errors may lie with the amanuensis."

With all this abatement, however, the "Thoughts" will remain as a monument of the genius and faith of their writer, and an earnest of the great things which had he lived he would have accomplished for the Church. It is a matter of rejoicing that a correct edition of these fragments has at last been presented to the world through the perseverance of two or three men whose reverence and love for Pascal has induced them to

spare no pains to clear his text from the false emendations and additions of the early editors. This has been reproduced in England by Mr. Wight, in most instances with great accuracy. Occasionally we may complain of a somewhat too strict adherence to the letter of the original; but this is an error in the safest direction. It is indeed almost impossible to preserve the sparkling, pointed style of Pascal, in the guise of another language; what in French is *piquant* and energetic, is apt to become in English, from the difference between the two languages, either commonplace or harsh, because the French use the dialect of conversation to express the most serious thoughts, while we, on the contrary, have, so to speak, a vocabulary for every class of subjects — a religious dialect widely different from that which we employ for the affairs of this world. Amid the difficulties arising from this source, Mr. Wight has succeeded in giving us a faithful and often an elegant translation. To those who desire to read the "Thoughts" in the original, he recommends the "Variorum" edition of Mr. Charles Louandre. Another recension of standard merit is the "Texte Authentique" of Ernest Havet: Paris, 1852.

Mr. Wight has arranged the "Thoughts" in twenty-five chapters. The first is entitled "Against the indifference of the Atheists," and was probably designed, as he intimates, to serve as a preface to the work which Pascal planned. Here he endeavors to prove that it is unnatural and criminal to neglect the inquiry into our nature and prospects, and concludes that "there are but two sorts of persons who can be called rational, either those that serve God with all their heart because they know Him; or those that seek Him with all their heart because they do not know Him." The whole argument, though doubtless far inferior to what it would have been had Pascal lived to complete and revise it, is marked by great ability.

The next chapter is a collocation of the thoughts upon Pascal's favorite subject — "the greatness and misery of man," and the "astonishing contradictions of his nature." We cannot forbear quoting the following justly admired passage. Pascal has been speaking of the littleness of man in comparison with the universe:

"What is man in the midst of the infinite? But to show him

another prodigy equally astonishing, let him seek in what he knows (to be) things the most minute ; let a mite exhibit to him in the exceeding smallness of its body, parts incomparably smaller, limbs with joints, veins in these limbs, blood in these veins,\* humors in this blood, globules in these humors, gases in these globules ; let him, still dividing these last objects, exhaust his powers of conception, and let the ultimate object at which he can arrive, now be the subject of our discourse ; he will think perhaps that this is the minutest atom of nature. I will show him therein a new abyss. I will picture to him not only the visible universe, but the conceivable immensity of nature in the compass of this abbreviation of an atom — (*dans l'enceinte de cet atome imperceptible.*) Let him view therein an infinity of worlds, each of which has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as the visible world ; and on this earth animals, and in fine, mites, in which he will find again what the first have given ; and still finding in the others the same thing, without end, and without repose, let him lose himself in these wonders, as astonishing in their littleness as the others in their magnitude ; for who will not marvel that our body, which just before was not perceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the all, is now a colossus, a world, or rather an all, in comparison with the nothingness at which it is impossible to arrive ?

“Whoever shall thus consider himself, will be frightened at himself, and observing himself suspended in the mass of matter allotted to him by nature, between these two abysses of infinity and nothingness, will tremble at the sight of these wonders ; and I believe that his curiosity being changed into admiration he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than to investigate them with presumption.

“The greatness of man is great in that he knows himself miserable. A tree does not know itself miserable. It is then to be miserable to know ourselves miserable ; but it is to be great to know that we are miserable. All these miseries even prove man's greatness. They are miseries of a great lord, miseries of a deposed king.”

One of the finest among the “Thoughts” is the following ; and Pascal has elaborated it with a degree of care which is not perceptible in most of these sketches or outlines of ideas :

“Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were

\* Pascal wrote according to the state of science in his day. At present the “mite” (*ciron*) is not supposed to possess a circulatory system as here described.

the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies, and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him. Our whole dignity consists, then, in thought. Our elevation must be derived from this, not from space and duration, which we cannot fill. Let us endeavor, then, to think well; this is the principle of ethics:—*Voilà le principe de la morale.*"

It would extend this article beyond proper limits were we to quote one half of the striking thoughts which meet the eye in turning over the pages of this wonderful collection. It contains useful and deeply-pondered lessons on the "Vanity of Man," his "Inquietude," "Reason and Sentiment," in the chapters that precede those in which religion is more definitely the topic of Pascal's meditations. We can give but a few short specimens:

"We are not contented with the life that we have in ourselves, and in our own being; we wish to live, in the idea of others, an imaginary life, and we constrain ourselves for this end to put on appearances. We labor incessantly to adorn and sustain this imaginary being, and neglect the real one. And if we have either tranquillity, or generosity, or fidelity, we strive to make it known, in order to attach these virtues to this being of the imagination; we would sooner cast them off in reality than not to seem to have them; and we would willingly be cowards in order to preserve the reputation of being valiant." . . . "So great is the sweetness of glory that one loves whatever things it is attached to, even death."

One is reminded by this passage of Boileau's lines:—

"Sans cesse on prend le masque, et quittant la nature,  
On craint de se montrer sous sa propre figure;  
Par là le plus sincère assez souvent déplaît,  
Rarement un esprit ose être ce qu'il est."

"The mind of the supreme judge of the world" (man) "is not so independent as not to be liable to be disturbed by the least uproar that is made about him. It does not need the report of a cannon to disturb his thoughts; the creaking of a vane or pulley is quite enough. Do not wonder that he reasons ill just now; a fly is buzzing in his ear; it is enough to render him incapable of sound judgment. If you are desirous that he should find the truth, drive away that insect, which suspends his reasoning powers, and frets that mighty mind

which governs cities and kingdoms. Here is a pretty god indeed !  
*O ridicolosissimo eroe !*

"A little consoles us, because a little afflicts us."

"The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing."

"The heart has its reasons which the reason is ignorant of."

Pascal now comes to the refutation of the arguments of the Pyrrhonists, or those who are universal doubters and disbelievers in matters of faith. He undertakes to prove that "man, with philosophy alone, remains incomprehensible to himself; he knows himself only by the mystery of the transmission of sin, and can find only by faith the true good and justice." On the "Transmission of Sin," we quote a single paragraph, although the translation cannot do justice to the original :

"Certainly nothing strikes us more rudely than this doctrine ; and yet without this mystery, the most incomprehensible of all, we are incomprehensible to ourselves. The knot of our condition takes its twists and turns in this abyss ; so that man is more inconceivable without this mystery, than this mystery is inconceivable to man."

Going on to the "marks by which we may know that a religion is true, and how the Christian religion carries in itself the proofs of its truth," and "that the Christian religion is the only one that makes man understand the contradiction of his misery and his greatness ; that the philosophic sects are unable to give this knowledge," we have a collection of searching and far-sighted thoughts on the distinctive characteristics of Christianity, full of suggestions of the profoundest wisdom, leaving us only the regret that they could not have been elaborated according to the ability and intention of their author. He adverts to the history of the Jews, the types of the Old Testament, the prophecies of Christ, and the proofs of his divinity from his life and death, and the fact that "man can know God and himself only through Jesus Christ." He touches on "miracles," "reason," "grace," "faith," "the church," "different points of doctrine and morals ;" from the thoughts on which we must content ourselves with a very few extracts, assuring our readers that it is most difficult, amid such a mass of jewels, to make any satisfactory selection.

"The God of Christians does not consist in a God simply author of geometric truths, and of the order of the elements ; this is the belief of pagans and epicurians. He does not consist simply in a God who watches providentially over the lives and goods of men, in order to give a happy course of years to those who worship him ; this is the belief of the Jews. But the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, the God of Christians, is a God of love and consolation ; he is a God who fills the soul and heart that he possesses ; he is a God who makes them feel within them their misery, and his infinite mercy ; who unites himself to their inmost soul ; who fills it with humility, joy, confidence, and love ; who renders them incapable of any end but him."

"The knowledge of God without that of our misery produces pride. The knowledge of our misery without that of God, gives despair. The knowledge of Jesus Christ is intermediate, because we find therein God, and our misery."

"There is pleasure in being on a vessel tossed by the storm when we are certain that we shall not perish. The persecutions which trouble the church are of this nature."

"There are only three sorts of persons : those who serve God, having found him ; those who are employed in seeking him, not having found him ; those who live without seeking him or having found him. The first are reasonable and happy ; the last are fools and unhappy ; those of the middle class are unhappy and reasonable."

"Solomon and Job have best known and spoken of the misery of man ; the former is the most fortunate, the latter the most unfortunate ; the one knowing the vanity of pleasures by experience, the other the reality of evils."

"The law obligated to what it did not give. Grace gives that to which it does not obligate."

Besides the "Thoughts," Mr. Wight has included in his volume Pascal's "Letters" and "Opuscles." The latter consist of short treatises on various subjects ; many of them fragmentary. The "Letters" are mostly on religious subjects ; a part are addressed to members of his own family ; among them, one which is most interesting, on the death of his father ; and several, written towards the close of Pascal's life, to Md'lle de Roannez, whose brother was Pascal's intimate friend, and who resided for some time at Port Royal. While there are many passages in them which are full of truth and beauty, it is nevertheless true, that, in the language of Cousin, "they paint to us



Pascal, no longer as in 1651, retaining the natural affections in the midst of a piety still rational, but Pascal, under the discipline of the *Abbé Singlin*, engaged in the sublime littlenesses of Port Royal, charmed, and almost puffed up, with the miracles of the 'holy thorn,' plunging every day deeper, and precipitating others into the extremes of an exaggerated devotion."

Here are the indications of that melancholy asceticism which clouded the last years of Pascal's life. But we cannot help wondering at the magnitude of that genius which, under the trammels of education in a superstitious belief, and the pressure of continued and increasing ill-health, by the grace of God, enabled him to do so much for the upbuilding of a purer faith, and the overthrow of that corrupt system, many of whose pernicious teachings he so valiantly exposed and condemned. The Jesuits can never forgive him. He called "The Inquisition and the Society (of Jesus) the two scourges of truth." It matters not that, broken down by disease, his latter days did not fulfil the brilliant promise of total emancipation from superstition which earlier years had given. What he has written bears but few traces of popish error, which in comparison with the clear, far-reaching spiritual tone of his writings in general, are not worthy to be mentioned. He has left a noble legacy to the church, and the church should revere his memory.

We have not intended to estimate the general historic value of Pascal's life and writings in their influence upon his own, and especially the following age. What use the deadliest foes of Christianity, which it has ever encountered, made, in the days of the Encyclopedists, of this foremost champion of our faith, is one of the curious and very instructive lessons of the past — a theme by no means as yet exhausted. But the title of this article indicates its specific purpose. We cannot conclude it better than by quoting one or two of Pascal's "Prayers for the Right Use of Sickness" — included in the "Opuscules."

"Grant, O my God! that I may adore in silence the order of Thy adorable providence in the direction of my life; that this scourge may console me; and that having lived during peace in the bitterness of my sins, I may taste the heavenly sweets of Thy mercy during the salutary evils with which Thou afflictest me. But I perceive, my God, that my heart is so obdurate, and full of the thoughts, the cares,

the anxieties, and the attachments of the world, that sickness no more than health, nor discourses, nor books, nor Thy sacred Scriptures, nor Thy Gospel, nor Thy most holy mysteries, nor alms, nor fasts, nor mortifications, nor the use of sacraments, nor all my efforts, nor those of all the world together can do anything at all for the commencement of my conversion, if Thou dost not accompany all these things with an extraordinary assistance of Thy grace. It is for this that I address myself to Thee, all-powerful God, to ask of Thee a gift which all created things together cannot accord to me. To whom shall I cry, O Lord; to whom shall I have recourse, if not to Thee? Nothing that is less than God can fulfil my expectation. Open my heart, O Lord; enter into the rebellious place which has been occupied by vices. They hold it in subjection. Enter into it as into the strong man's house; but first bind the strong and powerful enemy that has possession of it, and then take the treasures which are there. Lord, take my affections, which the world has stolen; take this treasure Thyself, or rather retake it since it belongs to Thee as a tribute that I owe Thee, since Thy image is imprinted in it. The image of the world is so deeply engraven there that Thine is no longer to be recognized. Thou alone couldst create my soul; Thou alone canst create it anew; Thou alone couldst form Thy image; Thou alone canst reform and re-imprint Thy effaced portrait; that is, my Saviour, Jesus Christ, who is Thy image, and the expression of Thy substance."

"Grant me the favor, Lord, to join Thy consolations to my sufferings, that I may suffer like a Christian. I ask not to be exempt from sorrow, for this is the recompense of the saints; but I ask that I may not be abandoned to the sorrows of nature without the consolations of Thy Spirit; for this is the curse of the Jews and the heathen. I ask not to have a fulness of consolation without any suffering; for this is the life of glory. Neither do I ask to be in the fulness of evils without consolation; for this is the state of Judaism. But I ask, Lord, to feel at the same time, both the sorrows of nature for my sins, and the consolations of Thy Spirit, through Thy grace; for this is the true condition of Christianity. Let me not feel sorrow without consolation; but let me feel sorrow and consolation together, that I may come at last to feel Thy consolation without any sorrow."

"Let me henceforth desire health and life only to employ them and end them for Thee, with Thee, and in Thee. I ask of Thee neither health nor sickness, neither life nor death; but that Thou wilt dispose of my health and my sickness, my life and my death, for Thy glory, for my salvation, and for the utility of Thy church, and of Thy saints, of whom I hope, by Thy grace, to form a part. Thou alone knowest

what is most expedient for me; Thou art the sovereign master; do what Thou wilt. Give to me, take from me; but conform my will to Thine; and grant that in humble and perfect submission, and in holy confidence, I may be disposed to receive the orders of Thy eternal providence, and that I may adore alike all that comes to me from Thee."

This last prayer is very similar, in thought and expression, to that of *Fénélon*, than which we do not know a finer specimen of devotion. We give it entire:—

"Oh, my Lord! I know not what I should ask of Thee. Thou only knowest what I need. Thou lovest me better than I can love myself.

"Give to me, Thy child, what is proper for me, whatever that may be. I dare not ask either comforts or crosses. I only present myself before Thee. I open my heart unto Thee. Behold the wants that I am ignorant of. Behold, and do according to Thy mercy. Smite or heal; depress or raise me up.

"I adore all Thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent. I offer myself in sacrifice. I abandon myself to Thee. Henceforth I have no will but to accomplish Thine."

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## ARTICLE VII.

### LONDON: PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AND SOCIAL DANGERS.

You never told anybody, perhaps, that the strongest feeling awakened on your first arrival in the Great Metropolis was of disappointment. Yet such, in all likelihood, was the fact. It could hardly have been otherwise. There is no single object, or grouping of objects which the eye can scan, that begins to answer your conception of London—its vastness, or material wealth and pomp, or historic grandeur, or dark, unfathomable mysteries—much less of all together. St. Paul's Cathedral cannot do it, nor Westminster Abbey, nor the Tower, nor the Parks, nor the Regent Street. What is St. Paul's to St. Peter's;

or the Regent Street to the Boulevards, the Rue Rivoli, or even to Broadway; or Trafalgar Square to the Place de Concorde; or Hyde Park to the Champs Elysées? The streets and people and equipages are homely, the houses dingy, and the atmosphere gloomy, thick, and lethargic. Go to the House of Commons — the great statesmen hesitate and stammer, and manufacture English clumsy enough for a raw prentice, yet are listened to with profound attention. Go to the Upper House, and you see earls, and marquises, and dukes lounging about with their hats on, in gray trousers, and shoes, and black stocks, without collars, while their discussions seem hardly more than careless chit-chat. Shades of Sheridan, and Pitt, and Fox, and Edmund Burke, and Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, can this be the British Parliament?

You are in London all the while, nevertheless, and London is great, mighty, magnificent, beyond any other city, ancient or modern. You cannot get the true impression of that greatness by seeking it, neither will it come to you at a very early period of your sojourn. Take it easy. Settle yourself in your lodgings, fall into the moderate, comfortable habits which are peculiarly characteristic of London, and follow your bent, with no other thought save to fill up each day with doing just what you have a mind to. After a while it will come of itself. The chaos will begin to take form, its heterogeneous objects and innumerable pictures will range themselves by a law of order; its diverse elements and strange contrasts will resolve themselves into a stupendous whole; the confusion and bewilderment of first impressions will be transformed to the beautiful harmony of a single idea; you will see how, for more than ten centuries, the building of this great and mighty Babylon has been the record, in many an enduring monument, not only of growing wealth and splendor, such as the world never saw, but of conduct the most heroic, deeds the most tragic and awful, crimes the most gigantic, and revolutions the most pregnant with glory to God and good-will to men, in all the history of our race; in all its borders you will hear mysterious echoes from the past, conveying multiplied lessons of wisdom and warning, and prophetic voices of the future, gloomy and terrible as a dark thunder-cloud, or bright as the bow of promise, according

to the views you take of the destiny of England and the world ; and London will be to you a living picture of material and moral grandeur, in comparison with which you will remember your first thoughts and impressions as more like the perplexity of the poor North American savage, who saw in it only "too much smoke, too much house, too much everything !"

There are things in the great social centre of the civilized world, doubtless, which may be taken for symbols of its amazing magnitude, but these are not its streets, or buildings, or bridges, or parks. The "*Times*" newspaper is one of them. We sincerely trust that Mr. Secretary Seward is wrong in his estimate of the extent of the circulation of that journal in the United States. If he is correct, we must think that the fact, as he states it, is no matter for glorying. That daily newspaper, beyond all question, is one of the great wonders, not only of London, but of the age in which we live. In the whole history of the political press nothing at all comparable to it has ever been seen. Its very statistics are a wonder. Its compositors, and pressmen, and city editors in its various departments, and corps of parliamentary reporters, and staff of regular writers of its masterly political leaders, and host of correspondents abroad, to the very ends of the earth, all commanded by an inspector-general or editor-in-chief, with his lieutenant, the sub-editor, are a grand brigade. Its daily expenses would ruin the wealthiest merchant-prince on Change. Its daily income would enrich half a score. And how transcendent are its literary merits ! For the amplitude of its range and the accuracy of its knowledge, for sparkling brilliancy, profound research, and sustained, calm, irresistible power, its editor should be the giant that made war with heaven, every one of his fifty heads the seat of a majestic intellect, and every intellect putting forth, without ceasing, the fulness and freshness of its strength, with a diversity so manifold and a unity so perfect, that the gigantic soul of Briareus's self — inspiring and directing each and all — could alone secure the result.

Something very like this, as we have seen, is the simple fact. The presiding genius of the establishment is a man who might have gathered fresh laurels in the highest walks of public life — in college halls, the forum, the senate — might have looked

on the dignity of judge and prelate and made his election. Yet his very name is unknown. He is as utterly dead and buried to the world as was the hooded monk who dwelt, many generations ago, in cloisters which occupied the site where the thunders of his steam-press are nightly heard. The spot where stands the throne of this great high-priest of journalism is a retired nook, hid among the dense mass of houses south of St. Paul's Cathedral, and called Printing-house Square. On the self-same spot once stood the monastery of Blackfriars. There, for centuries, Plantagenets, Yorkists, Lancasterians, and Tudors held court. Shakespeare is the faithful chronicler of historic truth, when he lays the 4th scene of the 2d Act of Henry VIII. in "a hall in Blackfriars;" for on that very spot was heard that famous case for annulling the marriage of that royal brute with Catharine of Aragon which led to the English Reformation.

The authority of this great magician of the "Times" commands the services of the highest intellects in all England, and that after a fashion which an honest man would little suspect. Touched by his wand, the downright republican becomes, all in a moment, the earnest and eloquent advocate of the right divine of kings. He who never had even the momentary shadow of a doubt that a protective tariff has been the path of England's glory, constructs a most elaborate and learned argument in favor of free trade, with a flaming eulogy of Richard Cobden. The man of a temper mild almost to a fault produces a satire terrible as a flash of lightning upon one who never injured him, and whom, perhaps, he has never seen. You will guess at the secret of all this. The waving of the mighty magician's wand is always followed by a shower of gold; and what will a man not sell for gold? There is a narrow court in Fleet Street, leading to a dingy old brick dwelling of most uninviting aspect. Entering the open door, you find yourself at the foot of a flight of dusty stairs. When you have ascended these, you will find another, and still another flight. Having mounted the last, you stand before the door of a garret, and in that door you will perceive a kind of pigeon-hole, or box, fixed. Thereby hangs a tale. Many a time and oft, when the "*Leading Journal*" has required a very

particular thing for its very particular ends — as a special plea for heretics and infidels, or a subtle and envenomed caricature of the ancient faith; a brilliant eulogy of the latest political Judas, or a satire — bitter as death — upon the Abdiel of statesmen and ecclesiastics; a vindication of some stark atrocity of Austrian despotism, or a libel upon the United States, of which even the malice and mendacity are put to shame by the ignorance and impudence — a slip of paper has found its way from Printing-house Square to the pigeon-hole in Fleet Street, and lo, at a time specified, the pigeon-hole has brought forth the very thing demanded. And now, gentle reader, you know precisely as much of the writer as does the “Thunderer” himself. Possibly he is the most brilliant speaker in the House of Commons, or he may be some lean Cassius, who writes with the point of a dagger, but “is no orator as Brutus is.” A thousand pounds sterling has passed annually through the same pigeon-hole in the shape of a retaining fee. The dusty attic and its peculiar fittings are doubtless still there, as all things old and dusty have a marvellous gift of continuance in London. Whether it is still the point of commerce between the “Times” and its mysterious contributor, we are unable to say.

There are men in England whom this great Jew Simon cannot corrupt with all his gold. There is another court in Fleet Street, in which you may find an office occupied by a pale, sallow, lean, puritanic-looking man, the able editor of a newspaper which advocates the most extensive reforms, both in Church and State, and is, at all points, directly at war with the policy of Printing-house Square. The Argus of the “Times,” detecting his consummate power in his sturdy battling for non-conformity and political reform, thought to add him to the phalanx of its scribes, and offered him a round fixed salary to supply a single leading article each week for its columns, with the understanding, of course, that, while so employed, he should stand on no higher level of moral integrity than its own — in other words, should unsay, with all his might, at its bidding, in its columns, the very things which he had just been saying with all his might in his own! He decided to keep his conscience and dispense with the glittering bribe. As the number of the men is by no means small in England who unite brilliancy as writers with



uprightness as moral agents, it is altogether likely that similar instances of failure in its marketing are common with that astute but unscrupulous journal.

Do you inquire to what party the "Times" belongs? The answer is, to none, either in Church or in State. But what does the "Times" believe? Nothing at all: simply and absolutely, nothing at all. What, then, is the articulate voice of its loud thunder? What particular policy or principles does it advocate? To-day whatever it is under the strongest inducement to advocate to-day, and to-morrow whatever it shall be under the strongest inducement to advocate to-morrow — protection or free trade, despotism or liberty, slavery or emancipation, government and order or rebellion and anarchy, truth or falsehood, God or Nebuchadnezzar. It is no respecter of persons or principles. You would greatly wrong the "Times" if you supposed it had the very smallest objection to be on the side of God and truth, provided the inducements were greater on that side than on the side of Satan. When Satan is poor and pitiful, let him go hang, for then, he may depend, the "Times" will have nothing at all to do with him, — not it.

Is it asked what the proprietors of the "Times" believe? The answer is explicit — they believe that it is a capital investment for their funds, and that its "respectable" policy is the best possible thing to make it pay. So thought that London spinster, doubtless, who inherited, under her father's will, one column in perpetuity of an advertising page in the "Times" newspaper, and the same was valued at thirty thousand pounds sterling. So also, doubtless, think high churchmen and low churchmen, and tory and radical, and Papist and Protestant, and Puritan and Sadducee, and many more beside, who are a special "happy family," as stockholders in this gigantic concern. Solomon *was* wise, for money answereth all things. When it is remembered how that fond English mother ordered the principal of the boarding-school, who hinted some deficiency in her daughter's capacity, to furnish her with one immediately and charge it in the bills, as she spared no expense, need we be surprised that the "Times," with its ample resources, puts in the saddle-bags of its "special correspondents" abroad, its Russells and all others, a special

pair of eyes and a special pair of ears, with which it is absolutely certain they will see and hear exactly what it wants them to, whether at Sevastopol, Bull Run, or Mesopotamia? This is supposed to be the circumstance which constitutes them "special."

Who, then, is a believer in the "Times?" In its transcendent genius, and sustained, dazzling brilliancy, every man. In the truth of many of its utterances, every man; but in its own truth and sincerity, in any one thing, no man. By every man, of every sect and party, it is, at one time or another, branded, reprobated, execrated — with Ahithophel, Judas, Julian, Beelzebub.

Yet all England is, confessedly, under the fascination of its basilisk eye; for all England reads the "Times" newspaper — aye, is more anxious to read it, if the truth were spoken, than any or all other newspapers put together. You have not a distant approximation to a true idea of the number of families by whom this journal is daily read, when you know that forty thousand copies are daily sent forth from Printing-house Square, consuming five tons of paper, and covering thirty acres with its compact letter-press. These would hardly suffice for London alone, if each copy was read by only a single family. The London merchant-prince, instead of ordering his paper from the publishers for his own exclusive use, has it sent to his counting-house in the morning by a news-vender, at a penny an hour, while the tradesman receives it later in the day, at a lower charge. Many a news-vender will tell you that every one of his copies goes to almost as many houses as there are hours from eight in the morning to four or five in the afternoon, and is then posted and sent, by the night mail, into the country, at a reduced price, where, on the following day, it is made to perform a similar circuit; besides all which, the single copy is read by scores in every Athenæum and reading-room, throughout the land.

This vast circulation accounts for the fact that the "Times" has so long been the sole medium of those mysterious advertisements which are found almost every day at the top of the second column of its first page; exceedingly brief — sometimes only a single word, sometimes single letters, and wrapped in

impenetrable mystery, yet all the more interesting, so exciting the imagination, and occasionally sufficiently significant to awaken your deepest sympathies, and almost to make you shudder, under the vague apprehension of some spellbound victim of criminal passion, or some dark tragedy, such as is still often perpetrated in vast, all-comprehending London. We remember, among the shorter samples, "No door-mat to-night," with initials, as one that amused our fancy several years ago. The following is much longer and more explicit than the average :—  
 "William, thou wilt go to sea—thou shalt go, but oh, return, and first receive the blessings of a heart-broken father, of a heart-broken mother! O, my son William, my son, my son William! Would God I had died for thee, O William, my son, my son!"

On the moral influence of the "Times" in London and throughout England, it is not our purpose to dwell. To strike the balance between its good and its evil—its advocacy of truth and its equally able and eloquent advocacy of downright, ruinous error and lies; its patriotism and its treason; its high-sounding philanthropy and its heartless cruelty; its eulogy of the most execrable tyrants and butchers of mankind, and its tears wept over the wrongs of poor governesses and starving needle-women—this would be no easy task, though the preponderance, it is impossible to doubt, would be greatly on the side of wrong. As regards the morals of its policy, there can be no diversity of judgment, even as tested by the better pagan standards. Fixed principles it has none. It trims its sails to the wind. It does not even attempt to correct and guide public opinion. It swears by the stronger party. It serves God and the devil with equal zeal. Advocating, with consummate ability, one side to-day, and on the morrow, with ability no less, the very reverse, of a great question in Church or State, it is no more conscious of inconsistency than is the wind, in blowing first from the north and then from the south.

A heavy responsibility lies somewhere. Was there ever another public journal with such vast and varied appliances?—a host of the most brilliant writers in all England retained in its daily service; an extensive staff of able correspondents abroad—in Paris, in Italy, in Northern Germany, at Vienna, at Lis-

bon, at Madrid — with outfits and salaries like ambassadors at foreign courts, besides others on roving commissions, attending armies in the field ; in addition to all this, a regular organization to furnish advices in the shortest time from the ends of the earth ; with the people of all England for its constant readers. Yet it is not animated by one truthful principle, or one lofty sentiment. To be preëminent is its single aim — the leviathan of the daily press. And all for what ? If there is any more exalted, or, indeed any *other* ultimate end than gain, the evidence is yet to be supplied. It is the Peter Barnum of England, always on the lookout for something that will pay — elephant or monkey, Tom Thumb or hippopotamus, peace or war, Gabriel or Lucifer. Not Rhadamanthus, but Mammon shall decide what is law, and Messrs. Mason and Slidell shall be, either grand ambassadors from a glorious nascent empire, or “no more than two negroes” — as the showman said to the boys who asked him which was the lion and which the baboon, “Just as you please, my little dears, you pays your money, and you takes your choice.”

Our readers must be heartily tired of looking at an object so full of deformity. Some compensation will be admitted, however, in perceiving to how small an extent — to wit, none at all — the “Times” and its correspondents represent the sound and sober public sentiment of Englishmen.

Among the chiefest monuments of London’s moral greatness should be its munificent charities and princely foundations. So they are, and the glory of them is transcendent — the hospitals, asylums, and almshouses, numerous enough to make a city, and which relieve an untold amount of suffering every day in the year. Yet all these fall far short, in total amount, of what is always being done by the living benevolence of the Great Metropolis, to comfort the sorrowful, instruct the ignorant, and lift up and save the degraded and miserable. We do not believe there is a spot on the face of the whole earth, where Christianity is more broadly felt in its beneficent influence, or is achieving nobler triumphs, than in London.

At the same time, you will not fail to note how, on this great sea of humanity, through the invisible force of some irresistible law, all things seem to be ever floating toward the region of

wealth and respectability. Not by the strongest anchors and cables can anything be kept elsewhere that is worth keeping at all. The most elaborately drawn trust-deed, signed and sealed by the trembling hand of expiring benevolence, the charter of a king, and all the statutes of the realm, can hardly prevail to hold, for any lengthened period, one lamp of knowledge, or one fountain of kindness in that glimmering and sorrowful hades, where their presence would be so much a blessing. Not that every instance of departure from the recorded intentions of the founder is to be construed as spoliation, or wrong-doing. Connected with one of the very ancient London churches — the same in which Cromwell was married and Milton lies buried — is a vested fund, the interest of which was devoted, in perpetuity, by the pious giver, to the purchase of fagots for the burning of heretics! As the practice of such burning has now, for some time, passed away, the Protestant administrators of the trust, keeping as near as possible to the letter of the bequest, but not being governed by its spirit, expend the annual proceeds in the purchase of coals, for warming the poor heretics! Yet there are instances of misappropriation, so flagrant and daring that one would think all the brilliant sophistry of the "Times" itself could scarcely suffice to keep the perpetrators in countenance. There is one, in particular, which stalks, at noonday, through the streets of London, in a form so peculiar that it will be sure to awaken your curiosity. This is a great boy, a noble-looking fellow, some fourteen or fifteen years of age, in a costume which will remind you of generations long ago. His upper garment is of thick, and rather coarse, blue cloth, consisting of a short waist and skirt gathered on, reaching almost down to the feet, and open before. A narrow leather belt is buckled round his waist. He wears smallclothes, or breeches, of soft leather, and yellow woollen stockings, with heavy, antique looking shoes and buckles. A clean pair of bands, of purest lawn, is upon his neck, his hair is cut very short — a sanitary provision — and his head quite bare, as he almost never uses the little blue woollen knitted cap, in shape something like a saucer, which pertains to his completed outer man. Whether on the hottest day of summer, or the coldest in winter, he is abroad in the same unvaried garb, ex-

cept, perhaps, a slight difference in the thickness of his long coat. We have seen him promenading the streets with a handsome lady on his arm — his mother or sister — beneath the most scorching sun that London ever knows; and we have seen him on a cold February day, without overcoat or umbrella, and still bareheaded, yet seemingly reckless of the weather, in a driving snow-storm, which made the portly citizens button their warm coats up to the chin.

He is the son of a rich man, perhaps of a noble, though he ought to be a poor boy. Of all the nine hundred, dwelling together under one roof in the very heart of London, there are very few who should not be ashamed to be found in a charity-school. Yet when Edward VI. completed the arrangements for the foundation of that magnificent institution, only ten days before his early death, he thought he had secured a rich blessing in perpetuity to poor men's sons, and made its very name — "*Christ's Hospital*" — an enduring record of his benevolent design. Besides the nine hundred "Blue-coat boys," as they are called, who are clothed, fed, and instructed in the vast establishment in Newgate Street, there are five hundred younger boys in a preparatory institution at Hertford.

One would think there must be advantages of no common order, which can induce the sons of the aristocracy, not only to assume the monkish garb of the "Blue-coat school," but to dine always on mutton, sup on bread and cheese and beer, and retire in winter at five o'clock, in their wholesale dormitories, filled with long rows of single beds. Yet Charles Lamb tells us, in his most exquisite description, that these stripling aristocrats are actually proud of the queer costume which was, doubtless, meant to be an effectual bar to their entrance; and so it has come about, that, of all the fourteen hundred boys enjoying the truly enviable advantages of "*Christ's Hospital*," there are comparatively few standing in so much need of charity as did "the child Elia."

In days gone by, the stranger, as he paused in Newgate Street, read in large letters, on the front of the principal building, "THIS IS CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, WHERE POOR BLUE-COAT BOYS ARE KEPT AND EDUCATED." But this inscription has long ago disappeared. Such a truly noble institution, with literary ad-

vantages of the very highest order, and maintained at an annual expense of forty thousand pounds sterling, was a too tempting prize. The rich men of England, the gentry and clergy, have long held full possession of the Blue-coat school ; and whether to blot out the record of so flagrant and cruel a robbery, or from a swelling pride, they have wholly obliterated that characteristic inscription, "*This is Christ's Hospital, where poor Blue-coat boys are kept and educated.*"

A larger book than you would care to read might be filled with the history of similar transactions, in London and throughout England. Might not their Sydney Smiths find a fitter mark for, at least, a portion of their satire, than even Pennsylvania repudiation, in such wholesale and heartless spoliation as this — spoliation, not of the strong man armed by a stronger than he, but of the weak and defenceless, poor boys, and orphans, and foundlings — by rich men, and mighty men, and nobles ? Will you set it down as an instance of the retributive justice of heaven, when many a houseless child, who should find food and shelter and kindly training beneath the friendly roof at Christ's Hospital, but does not, is added, in due time, to the black legion of the Thurtles, and Jack Shepards, and Courvoisiers, whose unceasing presence in this proud Babylon would make its midnight always full of terrors without a mighty standing army of police ?

To say that in a community so vast as London every day witnesses the most frightful reverses of fortune and social position, is merely to assert what everybody knows, and what anybody might guess. That, however, which makes these changes so affecting in London, is the fact that they are final and hopeless. Not down to-day and up again to-morrow, the loss of all in exchange for experience and wisdom, which, in due time, shall climb to a higher pinnacle than before, as we have seen many times in our American cities. The man in London who falls from affluence, and the social elevation, from which, in London more than anywhere else, affluence is inseparable, falls like Lucifer, never to hope again. It is, in some instances, by a single step, from the proud mansion, and all the elegance and luxury of a princely home, to penury, the workhouse, a broken heart, and the grave. And such a grave ! and reached in a



plight from which poverty's self turns away in unutterable sadness — a workhouse coffin and pall, and a workhouse funeral: bitter mockery of grief, the most pitiful of all burlesques of funebrial decency.

It is not so much, however, in the fluctuations and reverses of the Great Metropolis, that its strong points of character appear, as in its fixed forms of social life — its mighty ranks, so distinct, yet so compacted; contributing, severally and mutually, to the completeness and strength of the great social edifice, yet animated by a spirit of antagonism, irreconcilable and deadly. In London, as in all great cities, its middle class are the fountain of its moral life, and pillars of its strength. But not in all great cities is there such a glittering heaven of aristocracy, and such an abyss — wide as deep — of toil-worn, restless democracy. It is doubtless well for Belgravia that something more than glitter is there. Small strength belongs to her pomp, and pageantry, and gewgaw greatness. Her social and domestic life is rottenness and infamy, but ill concealed behind the splendid arras of heartless forms. The instruments of cruelty are in her habitations. O my soul, come not thou into her secret; unto her assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!

But Belgravia boasts of other elements than these — the mighty man and the man of war, the prudent and the ancient, the counsellor and the eloquent orator are there. It is the veritable Acropolis, not of Athens only, but of the Empire. Her Areopagites are there. There are her sceptre and her throne — not alone the material symbols, but the impalpable realities.

And far below Belgravia — an immeasurable and impassable gulf lying between — you find starving needle-women, and puny, unwashed children, and Dead Seas of eternal fever, and pestilence, and putrefaction. Yet these are by no means things of chief regard, and the sin of them lies even more at the door of all-grasping commercial cupidity, than of hereditary grandeur and self-indulgence.

The great fact demanding the anxious attention of Belgravia, is the dense mass of the democracy of London, embracing one half of the whole population, more than a million of people, the entire mighty host of its working men; the full-fed and the sturdy, as well as the lean and sickly; the brawny arms that

make its pavements, and build its houses, and bear all its heavy burdens, and, peradventure, the very policemen who perambulate its streets, and the soldiers fed at its barracks. That they are political reformers — chartists, republicans — is not, necessarily, a circumstance to awaken any very special anxiety. It is rather the spirit that animates them — a bitter, rankling sense of wrong, a downright, deadly hatred of aristocracy and monarchy, and, to a frightful extent, of state-church and all the external forms of Christianity, a determined spirit of revolution. That great multitudes of them live in the family state, and have children born and grown up without any marriage ceremony, is not because they are too poor to pay the clergyman's fee, or too licentious to submit to restraint, but, either from a pagan indifference, or an atheistical contempt for the symbols of Christian civilization. It was neither the needless alarm of Belgravian timidity, nor the blunder of a superannuated captain, when, in the spring of 1848, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling was expended on that single day of the grand Chartist uprising, in the military defence of the Metropolis, under the direction of the Duke of Wellington, placing London, for the time, in a state of siege ; the Queen being sent away, in all haste, to Windsor, and the stables of the nobility at the West End filled with the horses of dragoons. All has been quiet since, but those volcanic fires are not extinguished !

Neither is it wisdom to despise this gigantic army of workingmen, because they are untaught and ignorant. Untaught and ignorant they certainly are, for any exertions put forth in this direction by the proud masters who dwell at St. James's. Yet they read and think, and discuss politics and religion, with an earnestness and ability which might put many a haughty peer to the blush, and with a ferocious and sullen perverseness, which should make all men tremble. Their Crossthwaites and Sandy Mackayes and Alton Lockes — not often, alas, the God-fearing men portrayed in the pages of a fascinating fiction — are the first-fruits of a harvest which is growing with a wild luxuriance. Their newspaper press, reeking with republicanism and infidelity, is more prolific than that of all other classes put together. They are never found in the house of God. Politics and pleasure fill up their Sabbath. Their Bible is Paine's

"Age of Reason." Feudalism and Christianity are alike their abhorrence.

Has Belgravia no concern, and is she incurring no guilt, in the combination of circumstances issuing in so appalling a result as the turning of the light that is in this vast aggregate of men into darkness? Let her reflect, that if she, in her madness, put out the eyes of this mighty Samson in the day of his weakness, there will also come the day of his strength, when he may bow himself upon the huge pillars of the temple, and overwhelm his proud oppressors and their injured victim in one common destruction. Nothing could be plainer than the fact of the steady march of this class to the possession of political power. No combination of human influences can successfully resist their progress. They want no act of Parliament to confer on them the elective franchise. The industry, and economy, and self-denial perchance — especially at the beer-shop — which shall put them in possession of a forty-shilling freehold, will secure for them an enfranchisement worth infinitely more than that which should come to them without any effort of their own. The freehold land scheme — the most comprehensive and pregnant political movement of the age — under the auspices of such men as Cobden and Bright and their coadjutors, and extending over all England, is steadily and surely working out this grand result. Only let that enterprise be resolutely prosecuted, and many years will not have passed away, when the men who dwell at ease in the palaces of Belgravia will be very much at the mercy of those whom they now affect to despise. It is a thing greatly to be desired, for the sake of truth and humanity, even more than for themselves, that they read correctly the signs of the times. That a heavy cloud is darkening their horizon is plain enough to be seen. They may extract its thunderbolts, if they will, and receive from it only fertilizing showers. Ragged Schools and "Missing Links" are demonstrating that the heart of the semi-barbarous and ferocious democracy of London can be reached by the voice of humanity, and especially of the Gospel. A day-spring of righteousness and love, rising on all the dense mass of callous poverty, of seething vice and ungodliness, in the Spitalfields, and St. Gileses, and Bethnal-greens of the Great Metropolis, would be the harbinger of a glory such as she has not yet attained; and

would bring her a long dispensation from all fear of chartist mobs and revolutionary violence. Alas, did such wisdom, in the history of our world, ever yet come until it was too late?

We are no prophet, and shall not attempt to discuss so complicated a subject as the destiny of London. We will hope for the best; and there is ground for hope, as well as for fear. With the splendor of Babylon, and the luxury and towering pride of Rome, and guilt of Sodom, there are, also, the righteousness of Lot, and the earnest faithfulness, and burning appeals, and thundering denunciations of the old prophets. If Satan's seat is there, too, is the tabernacle of God, dwelling with men. If every stale and worn-out lie, by which the past generations have been deceived to their own ruin, is there striving to reconstruct its demolished throne, there, also, is the eternal and immutable truth, strong in the faith of Jehovah, girding itself as for the last decisive struggle. Great, beyond all precedent, in present good and evil, and still advancing, with amazing rapidity, in geographic extent and material resources, who will undertake to mark out the ultimate boundaries of this stupendous Town-Commonwealth? Has it attained already its highest point of tragic and moral grandeur, or is its most marvelous page in history yet to be written, eclipsing the Star-Chamber and the Tower, and Whitehall and Smithfield? If the process of its decay should commence to-morrow, and continue, without interruption, till London Bridge and the Strand were as forsaken at noonday as are now the ruins of the Coliseum or the streets of Palmyra, it need have little fear of holding — to the very end of time — any second rank among the world's great cities; and when at length the grand results of all human history shall be manifested, and every shadow and fiction shall disappear forever, — when this earth of ours, redeemed, by the purification of fire, from the last vestige of man's inventions, shall be clad again in the beauty and gladness of its primeval birth, and the seed-time of the world shall issue in the harvest of eternity, — then, to one who should revisit the scene, to muse upon the mystery of its checkered past, no spot will be found more abounding in thrilling memories — whether for glory or for shame — than that which is now the site of magnificent, mighty London.

## ARTICLE VIII.

## SHORT SERMONS.

"I commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant of the church at Cenchrea. Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus. Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us."—*Rom. 16: 1, 3, 6.*

IN the early Christian church the piety of females was a very efficient piety. They were as active, as successful, and as important in spiritual labors as were men. Though they labored in a somewhat different sphere, as nature would dictate, they accomplished not less for the cause of Christ, and were esteemed and honored not less as Christ's friends and helpers. Observe, it was not the mere amiable, silent, negative piety which the apostle commends in these three females. Phebe is called a "*servant*" (a deaconess, as it is in the Greek) "of the church." Priscilla is called a "*helper* in Christ Jesus." Of Mary it is said, she "*bestowed much labor on us.*" And there is much similar language applied to Christian women throughout the New Testament and the history of the church in the first centuries.

We go farther, and affirm that in the succeeding ages of the church militant the Saviour designed and expected that the active piety and real usefulness of woman should fully equal if not outweigh that of man. If to man was given the more public duties and external and commanding agencies, to woman was given as a full offset the greater real influence. As cultivation increases, and taste develops in the world, the winning graces of woman will prove an overmatch for man's rougher strength. Delilah is stronger than Samson, and Isaac, though religiously educated, will not be safe with one of the daughters of Heth for his wife. The mothers of heroes have generally made them heroic.

Moreover, woman is more susceptible to religious truth and attainment than man, both by her nature and her position in life. Hence their greater numbers, and, shall we say, higher devotion in the churches.

What an argument is here presented for the encouragement of the female portion of the churches to usefulness and earnest Christian life! What fields are open in this age for their peculiar personal influence! Shall they even seem to live for outward adorning and vain show?

What has not Christianity done for them, and who are more indebted to Christ than they?

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"Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 Sam. 1: 28.

SAMUEL is one of the best and greatest men presented to us in history. And what he was is to be attributed, under God, to his mother's wise piety.

1. His goodness and greatness are indisputable. He was not so showy in character and deeds as many. But he possessed that firm, even, and uniform goodness which could not fail to make him wonderfully great both with God and men. Throughout his youth and his long life of responsibility and unceasing, trying toil, he steadily grew in favor with God, and in restraining power over Israel. And this, too, in a very corrupt age, and surrounded by the worst influences. The people never forsook him. It was only when they saw that he was growing old, and that his sons walked not in his ways, that they asked for a king. While he lived, Saul was only second to Samuel in influence and esteem. Surrounding nations recognized his greatness. It is recorded that "the Philistines were subdued so that they came no more into the coast of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel."

2. The goodness and greatness of Samuel is due instrumentally to the piety and fidelity of his mother. She believingly dedicated him to God and his service; she carefully educated and restrained him in early life; she sought not an ambitious place of business for him, but separating him from gay and wicked associates, placed him in the tabernacle; and retained her pious influence over him, for it is said, "his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." In these ways are mothers still making and moulding ministers, missionaries, and able laborers for the church. Samuel's father was a praying man, but his religious influence at home was doubtless neutralized by that life-mistake which he made in marrying a second wife during the lifetime of the first, contrary to the original institution, bringing perpetual strife into the family, as in the case of Abraham and Isaac. But the sore trials thereby brought upon Hannah were the means of developing the deepest piety.

Let it be asked, why may not mothers now have the same success

with their children? Hannah had not one advantage or one promise or encouragement more than mothers at the present day; while it be would hard to find greater obstacles than she had to overcome.

Does any mother reply, "Samuel was naturally good, and not like my boys?"

It is a great mistake. Samuel had an evil heart like all children, and an uncommonly strong will and high courage and mettle. Witness the grasp which he so long held upon wayward Israel; see with what severity he could rebuke Saul; and how he could hew Agag in pieces with his own hand.

What Hannah did, any wise and praying mother may do.

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## ARTICLE IX.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Day's Revival Sermons.* By REV. NORRIS DAY. Vol. I. pp. 388. Boston: Bradley, Dayton & Company. 1860.

WE have paid some attention to this volume, because it is a representative book. Its title indicates its origin, sphere, and constituency. It has a marked excellence in its simplicity of style. The duller reader can be at no loss as to the author's meaning. This simplicity is also accompanied with great directness of expression, which amounts at times to bluntness and even harshness. As thus, on the duty of forgiving if we would be forgiven:

"Says God: I will not hear until you forgive. But what shall I do? says one; I cannot give up praying, and I cannot forgive. You may as well give up praying as to pray. God will not hear you, and he will not save you, unless you forgive. Some seem to think they can bring God over by teasing him for a season. My brother, you mistake your Maker. His terms are like himself, unchangeable. He would sooner let the whole world go to hell than change them in the least." p. 195.

At the same time there is a straightforward, personal, practical drift that we admire, and wish were more common in the pulpit. The sermons lack finish, and grace of expression, which could well be added without detracting from their power. A few phrases will show this point. After speaking of Nebuchadnezzar, Mr. Day says: "It would probably be a blessing to this nation if God should turn out to grass,



not only seven years, but during life, some of its lordly legislators," &c. p. 326. And of God's infinite power: "With one glance of his eye he can look them all into eternity." p. 318.

The treatment of these great truths, and specially where God is introduced, is much wanting in reverence. Herein the volume is characteristic and indexical of the class to which the author belongs. We cite an illustration here and there. Speaking of the angel at the tomb of our Lord:

"He just rolls back the stone, takes his seat upon it, barely casts a look upon these armed fellows, and they fall like dead men at his feet." p. 183. "God knows what he means by the phraseology he has used to express his ideas; and he is competent to define for himself." p. 198. "God is an honest God." p. 199. "Now, says God, lean upon and glorify the minister, if you will; but the people will go to hell, and I will hold you accountable." p. 237. "Will he [God] neglect his duty to the universe? No, never! He knows his duty too well," &c. p. 323. "Says one, I want forgiveness at the hand of my Maker. Very well, says God; when ye stand praying, *forgive them*, and then I will forgive you." p. 193.

With the rough and unlearned such familiar and colloquial and off-hand references to God may have some effect, but not for reverence or solemnity.

The clearness, frankness and boldness with which the truth is stated are to be much commended, yet even these excellences are overwrought, and the sermons show a great lack of tenderness, gentleness, and sympathy. Here we identify the author, the preacher, and the itinerant school. There is a coldness and a sternness toward the sinner, and almost an indifference to his fate. Severe and frigid and unfeeling remarks and allusions are made, as if scolding were a means of grace. We quote but two examples:

God "must not dispense his blessings so as to sanction our wickedness, and he will not, if we all go to hell." p. 186. "Says one, 'I cannot forgive certain individuals.' Very well, if that is true, your doom is fixed for eternity. You are lost in that case, irrecoverably lost. God declares he will not forgive, unless you forgive others, and of course you must go to hell." p. 192.

The theology of the sermons is of the Oberlin and improved school. It places sin in action alone, and not at all in possessing any dormant passions and propensities to sin (p. 274). It makes the prayer of faith to consist in the certainty of obtaining the very thing we pray for, instead of faith or trust in God to grant such answer as he sees fit. In ridiculing the truth, as we think, our author at the same time thus gives his view of the prayer of faith:

"Well, if that is all there is to be seen after praying here seven times, we may as well give it up; it will not amount to much. This undertaking to force things, says he, [Elijah,] is not the correct course. I believe in waiting God's time. What! we undertake to get up a storm any time we take it into our heads we need rain? I do not believe in such things. God will send us rain in his own good time. Come, he remarks to his servant, let us go down and wait, and let God manage this matter. Was this the reasoning of Elijah? Not by any means. He expected a blessing. He looked for an answer to his prayers, and he knew it would come." p. 208.

In the same way the doctrine and spirit of the volume deny discretionary power to God to pour out the Spirit, when men insist on "getting up a revival."

Regeneration is effected under the motive-power alone of truth. Little depth or scope is given to the idea of a *new creation*. Conversion is mainly a resolution of the individual. There is no recognition of sovereign and efficacious and certain grace, beyond the presentation of truth. Its moral force, and not any divine creating power, is the agency. The "new creature" is God's "workmanship" more than man's, only as the Spirit is the more effectual preacher in urging the truth. Where this theory of conversion by resolution is preached, inefficient professors and the falling away of converts should not surprise us. The human element is too prominent to insure perseverance and activity in the supposed new life. The eighth and ninth sermons, which are on man's moral agency and God's moral government, show a laboring anxiety lest God should regenerate a man against his will, or make him "willing in the day of his power," and "compel" him to come in. A fair sermon on the text, "Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," is needed to stand between these two, compelling their adaptation to the teachings of the Scriptures about regeneration.

The sermons as a whole show a want of completeness. Truth does not fit to truth, even where they are free from essential errors. Nor are they full-orbed, like occasional sermons. They are fragments or parts. But as they are, they are truthful, and so profitable, representations of the labors of a professed "revivalist." They sustain the same relations to the sermons of a settled minister that the work of a "revivalist" does to the proper work of the ministry. They want the relations and proportions and adaptations of such sermons as a good pastor writes, who has the responsibilities of sowing and reaping and separating the tares from the wheat, from year to year, in the same field. A reading of them increases our doubts as to the utility of such labors. The sermons lack a wholeness of scope in the points of which

they treat. This is inevitable where one gives his entire strength to a specialty in religious work, and seeks to make the greatest possible impression on isolated points in the labors of one week or six. Such a theory of working calls for the high-pressure system of labor, the brevity of which is naturally and necessarily determined by its intensity. It induces and encourages spasmodic rather than healthy action in the spiritual body. It leaves no even pulse in the piety of the church. We can easily see how a man, who has never been a pastor, or labored long with one people, as the author has not, should write such sermons; and can see, too, how greatly he would change them were he to settle down into the proper work of a gospel minister.

*The Puritans: or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth.* By SAMUEL HOPKINS. In Three Volumes. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860-1861.

THE success of American writers in the department of History within the last twenty years is without a parallel in modern letters. It is becoming a matter of national distinction, suggestive of some special *genius* for this kind of study in the American type of intellectual growth and culture. Three names already adorn our literature as historians which are as familiar as household words. Whether another has appeared worthy to rank with these "first three" is not quite certain; in fact, we do not think Mr. Hopkins' warmest friends will claim such excellence for his work. Yet it is good enough to make a reputation which should content a high ambition, if not the highest.

It is a difficult question to determine what constitutes the best historical style. Authors who used to give law in this realm would not be accepted as final authorities now. Rollin will not do for these times, nor Gibbon. But in getting rid of stiffness and stateliness, we do not want the prose-run-mad rhapsodies of Carlyle's "French Revolution," nor the hop-skip-and-jump agility of some of the Parisian chroniclers. Mr. Hopkins is very vivacious in his handling of events and persons—sometimes more so than suits our taste. He often takes liberties in this direction which have been deemed the peculiar license of the fiction-makers. If history should not be dull, (as it never need be,) it should maintain a chaste dignity, which these volumes do not always observe. We would rather not have the imaginary speeches and conversations of the old classic writers revived in modern history; we have more of it here than those early standards of

the art admitted. This is not necessary to the due effect of the story. It is not pleasant thus to be reminded that one is perusing a blended page of fact and fancy, where the mind would rather rest in the conviction that the whole is authentic.

But the substantial merits of this history are undeniably great — greater perhaps than the rather light and garish costume which it is made to wear may at first indicate. If our Puritan fathers have to step to a livelier measure than was their wont, still these are the genuine worthies of that age of trial and of strength, which are here living and walking and working in the heat and dust of a day that was of no bland and balmy atmosphere. The solid godliness of that period shines like the beaten gold of the sanctuary in these persistent, persecuted Christians. The author sketches character with a free hand — and the canvas is a crowded one. Some of the best, and not a few of the worst human beings that ever lived and shaped their age are here drawn in glory and shame perpetual. Mary Stuart is spoiled of not a little of her factitious attractions, and Elizabeth is *not* made a saint, nor her prime councillors either. Possibly she would have come nearer it without the help of some of them, both clerical and lay. It is humiliating to see how largely mere personal pique and hatreds entered into these atrocious proceedings. The dominant party cared as little as it well could for anything that deserved the name of principle, and allowed its pride and passion to carry it through a struggle for place, and class-distinctions, and prescriptions ecclesiastical and civil, which would be ridiculous but that the means used to preserve them were so cruel. Mr. H. writes in warm sympathy with his subject, politically and religiously. His volumes abound with individual sketches of persons in whom the reader may be expected to feel a special interest; brief, bright, pathetic monographs set in the general field of his survey. The whole work has much of the fascination of an elaborate historical novel; but the copious foot-notes and references continually assure us that we are mainly in the real world. The volumes can hardly fail of great popularity.

*Religio Medici, A Letter to a Friend, Christian Morals, Urn-Burial, and other Papers.* By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, KT., M. D. 16mo. pp. 432. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

THIS old Elizabethan writer is one of the few who owe much of their power to what looks marvellously like a dash of insanity in their mental organization. He was an enthusiast of the most genuine water; dreamy, meditative, full of oddest conceits, delving alike in

antiquarian lore and careering boundlessly amid the fantasies of his magnificent imagination — a genius which once in ages rises on the world to make us wonder if he belongs to a race which wears heads on its shoulders as we do. It is hard to class him, whether as humorist, philosopher, moralist, or mystic. Rather he is all these in one. Erudite in all common and strangest lore, ever on the track of some quaint allusion, some curious turn of thought, and coining the queerest of these fancies out of his own unique brain, he wearies you with his prolixity, recaptures you by his gorgeous style and endless versatility, puzzles you with his airiest of speculations, and makes you laugh at his whimsicality even when talking so gravely about poor human “dust and ashes.” If we can believe his own account of himself, he was the most unconcerned of mortals about the facts and affairs of the actual world, rejoicing in one of his own conjuration, which he always seemed bent on draping with more baffling mysteries, and peopling with more inexplicable enigmas. He traverses this cloud-land of tenuous and vanishing idealism as if it were the pavement of a city, and only feels sure of himself when walking on the thinnest of abstractions. Withal he is a charming egotist, as garrulous as such a *sui generis* has a natural right, if not a constitutional necessity to be.

Writers like these can only be known in our day to the many through abbreviated editions of their works. This tasteful volume contains as much of Sir Thomas as most readers can enjoy. It is accompanied with judicious annotations, and is introduced by one of those beautiful manly heads of the olden time, which at once insures the author the respect, if not the admiration, of whoever turns his pages.

*Spare Hours.* By JOHN BROWN, M. D. 12mo. pp. 458. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

THE BROWNS are not all dead to whom our English literature is indebted for costly additions to its treasures ; and several of the more brilliant of them have come, like this Edinburgh physician, from the medical profession. In this duodecimo, the American publishers have given us selected portions of the original “*Horæ Subsecivæ*,” as they have also translated its title into the vernacular of their title-page — a very sensible change, as we think. The substance of the book consists of essays thrown off in a genial, discursive, racy style, showing a head through which the light shines like a window, and a

heart in the right place. There is a strong element of out-door, vigorous life in this author — a breezy glow of enjoyment which makes one think of hale and hearty Christopher North, and then a touch of quiet, funny humor which comes as near to Charles Lamb's vein as any one ever will. He loves dogs, and knows them as if they were human people who had told him all their feelings, and made a clean breast to him of all their thoughts. We like these off-hand books, not meaning by this that they do not demand much careful authorship, but books which are given the world as "Recreations" (the word is growing rich) from life's hard labors, and which are written as much to refresh and relieve the maker of them as for any other purpose. Especially are we pleased that this rare efflorescence of graceful sentiment grows so naturally and beautifully over the good old foundations of the Scottish ancestral faith. Dr. Brown does not think it necessary to sharpen the edge of his wit upon the precious stones of the sanctuary. The pieces entitled "My Father's Memoir" and "Dr. Chalmers" are especially redolent of the spirit of a piety which does not shrink to confess Christ before even literary and fashionable men.

*A Memorial of Closing Scenes in the Life of Rev. George B. Little.*  
8vo. pp. 171. Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1861.

THE way of Divine Providence with this recent and beloved pastor of one of our suburban churches beautifully illustrates the purifying of the Christian nature through the agency of affliction. A richly cultured mind, and a winning, genial spirit gave promise of no common usefulness in the ministry. But the few years of its prosecution were overcast with painful infirmity, settling steadily into hopeless disease and inevitable death. Under this fore-shadowing of the end, our brother pursued his work, "cast down, but not destroyed." The end came soon — only thirty-nine years, and the silver cord was loosed. Not much is registered in these pages of his earlier life; but the very full and satisfactory details of the "closing scenes" throw back a light upon those preparatory years, as they so brightly illumine the final struggle. His was such a dying as God only gives to his beloved, and not to all of those: a summer-sunset, like some which we have watched, in almost breathless admiration, under our own unrivalled heavens —

"As sweet calm days, in golden haze,  
Melt down the amber sky."

We adopt the words of a contemporary: — "Such scenes are more

than argument; they are manifestation; they are an uplifting of the veil." The chastely graceful volume which contains their delineation is a better "Memorial" than sculptured marble. *It* is another "Hymn of Faith and Hope," the music of which is still echoing along the life to come.

*Reply to the New England Congregationalism of Hon. Daniel A. White.* By JOSEPH B. FELT. pp. 57. Salem: Wm. Ives & Geo. W. Pease, Printers. 1861.

JUDGE WHITE made some severe strictures in his "Brief Sketch" on Dr. Felt's "Ecclesiastical History." To these Dr. Felt replied in 1856. A volume by Judge White renewed these strictures and added to them, and to these Dr. Felt replies in the pamphlet before us. Much of the pamphlet is devoted to a disproof of the assertion of Judge White that the First Church of Salem, at its formation, had no articles of faith separate from its covenant "to which subscription or assent was required in order to church-membership," and that this was the general usage of the churches in the Massachusetts colonies. We marvel that any one, presuming to write historically, should take such a position in view of the overwhelming array of facts that Dr. Felt marshals against it.

If the New England church fathers made anything preëminent it was a creed, as one of the essentials of a church. This Dr. Felt shows most abundantly, both of the Salem church of Mr. Higginson in particular, and of the other churches generally. His style has a quaint, puritan, matter-of-fact character, impressing us with the feeling that one of the fathers of two centuries ago is repelling the assertion of this modern, special-pleading, critic.

*Great Expectations.* By CHARLES DICKENS, Author of "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," etc., etc. With Thirty-four Illustrations, from original designs by John McLennan. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have read this book through, from beginning to end, and have scanned with care its thirty-four illustrations. If anybody else has done the same thing, *he* will admit that we have accomplished a feat. The fact requires explanation. The explanation is, we understood that the book was written by Charles Dickens, author of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," &c., and we had a mind to write an article on this last of his works. We shall not write the article.



The community certainly had a right to entertain "great expectations" of this book — written by a man of so great a fame, written after a season of repose, and written at the age when a man reaches the highest maturity of his powers, and should be capable of doing his very best things; heralded, moreover, by a title, which seemed to imply that he was fully aware of his responsibility, and conscious of being fully competent to meet it. If Mr. Dickens were capable of perpetrating a cruel satire upon himself, we should say the title was most happily chosen, inasmuch as the usual upshot of great expectations is great disappointment.

To pronounce "Great Expectations" a running caricature on human weaknesses would only be to put it in the same class with most of his other writings. It is far more than that, — it is caricature gone mad — a tissue of particularly disagreeable impossibilities. Minerva, we are told, sprung, full-armed, from the head of Jupiter, and we can easily enough believe that Oliver Twist, and Nicholas Nickleby, and Little Nell, and Fagin, and Dick Swiveller came from the brain of Charles Dickens much in the same way. But it is utterly impossible to believe that such hard monstrosities as Miss Havisham, Mrs. Gargery, Jaggers, and Pumblechook, could ever have leaped from Mr. Dickens's brain, or any other that was not muddled. They are evidently painful parturitions, out of all proper shape and proportion. Nature produces monsters enough and hideous enough, if any man wants to paint them; but these are against nature. Think of a young and beautiful and passionate woman, because she is jilted and abandoned on the morning of her wedding-day, immuring herself, for all the rest of her life, amid the splendid preparations for the marriage — she clad in her gay bridal robes and ornaments, the cake untouched on the table, and everything remaining precisely as arranged for the ceremony, for long years, till she and the rich tapestries and the wedding cake should decay all together, — yet not crazy, but, on the contrary, capable of managing shrewdly her affairs; and capable of finding a charming young girl, and lavishing on her every accomplishment, and training her for the particular purpose of breaking men's hearts, and all to be avenged on the sex, because one man has, as she says, broken her heart! And think of Estella, that young girl, simple, affectionate, tender, beautiful — not a born Elsie Venner — surrendering herself to the plot, yielding her woman's soul to be thus blasted and cursed, while still retaining the warmth and susceptibilities and charms of her youth! It is utterly repulsive, and forever impossible. *Ex uno disce omnes.* There is scarcely the shadow of relief, from beginning to end. The good-natured Joe — husband of the awful Mrs. Gargery

—and simple-hearted, faithful Biddy, the servant-maid, are, perhaps, more in the vein of the Mr. Dickens of twenty years ago than anything else in the book. In "Trabb's boy," we have the best portraiture we have ever seen of English impudence. If there is anything anywhere on this terrestrial ball to be compared to English impudence, we have never met with it — whether on the part of a servant-maid to her mistress, a London bricklayer, or coal-porter, if a *well-dressed* individual has the ill-luck to offend him, the general rabblement on an election-day, when suborned by one of the contending parties to hoot and insult the other party's candidate, or the *Times* newspaper. There is a grinding intenseness, a ferocious pertinacity, a deadly bull-dog grip in it, by which it stands clearly distinguished as a national characteristic. Mr. Dickens has admirably described it in "Trabb's boy," together with the feelings it awakens, in pp. 275, 276.

In Trabb himself, the village tailor, and Pumblechook, Mr. Dickens satirizes severely the English habit of fawning on anybody who is getting up in the world. Pip — the object of the fawning, the subject of the "great expectations," and hero of the tale — is one of Mr. Dickens's peculiar pagans, combining a ruinous weakness and selfishness with a most disinterested benevolence — a sort of creation very common with our author, but very hard to be found in our actual world.

A desperate English convict (Provis) working like a galley-slave in the place of his exile to hoard up gold, and sending it to a boy who had once brought him something to eat when he was starving, and, at last, running the risk of being hanged in order that he might see that boy (Pip) a gentleman, is just about as probable as Miss Havisham or Estella.

The way in which the many queer characters are, at last, brought into positions of near relationship — making the convict Provis to be Estella's father, and Mr. Jaggers's strange housekeeper her mother, and, above all, Estella — first a widow — Pip's wife, is simply a clumsy piece of construction. It lacks probability; but is not absolutely impossible, since Mr. Dickens has compelled it to be possible.

There is here a description in Mr. Dickens's best style. Among these is a storm of rain and wind in London, (pp. 345, 346,) which brings vividly to remembrance days in the Great Metropolis when we found it utterly impossible to keep a fire at all, because the smoke, laden with those black, greasy flakes, would insist on coming all out into the room, instead of going up the chimney, like honest smoke.

There is one peculiar excellence in the book, of which we must speak in terms of high commendation. Not a single Christian is introduced at all, either lay or clerical. Is this accidental, or has Mr. Dickens learned at last that the very best thing in the power of his hand to do in regard to Christianity is, to let it alone altogether?

\* \* In a notice of Du Chaillu's book on Africa, Vol. I., p. 604, we expressed a considerable degree of scepticism concerning its reliability as a narrative of various novelties which the author claims to have discovered and professes to describe; at the same time we intimated a possible return to the subject for further investigation of its credibility. This would seem, however, to be superfluous, if the following, which we find in the *Boston Journal* for January 22d, is to be depended upon, as we presume it may be:

"Capt. Yates, of the Ocean Eagle, and Rev. William Walker, an American missionary, have published certificates showing that M. Du Chaillu was living at the Gaboon at the time his 'Explorations' represent him as making his great discoveries in Equatorial Africa. The *Athenæum* says, that 'all the published testimony from the Gaboon goes to prove that a main part of M. Du Chaillu's narrative cannot possibly be true.'"

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## ARTICLE X.

### THE ROUND TABLE.

THE USE OF TEXTS. — Our old friend, the Rev. James Gallaher, used to tell the story of a preacher who took for his text the words, "Then the disciples looked on one another doubting;" from which he went on to draw and enforce this doctrine — that "when people don't know what they ought to do, they had better look out lest they do they don't know what." Good advice; and not so far-fetched as the New Hampshire preacher's onslaught upon some peculiarly incorrigible sinners in his neighborhood, from the mention somewhere in the New Testament of a certain man "who lived *hard* — by the synagogue." Doubtless there are many such; as also of another class of offenders, whom a friend of ours *out West* once severely lectured from the text, "Thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God."

Rather a twist of the apostle ; but not quite so violent as still another "accommodation" which has come to our ears, wherein a sharp-shooter fired away at the too rapid *progressives* among his young people, from this clause, "That thou appear not unto men *to[o] fast.*" We hand over these cunning "masters of sentences" to the Professor of Sermonizing in the New Theological Seminary.

But a little more seriously — there is a liberty or a negligence in the use of texts which is hardly excusable, where it would be unjust to suspect an ambition of eccentricity. A learned divine and a professor in one of our theological schools has a sermon upon the words, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world ;" in which the whole stress is laid on the first word of the sentence, and the plan of the preacher is to show how Christ *should be beheld* ; when the word in the Greek is merely the exclamative — as *en, ecce* : "lo ! the Lamb of God." We heard another distinguished city pastor once advocate a series of morning prayer-meetings from the promise, "They that seek me early shall find me ;" a use of the passage which was ingenious, but certainly unthought of by the inspired writer. Equally so, we judge, was the application given awhile ago, in one of our associations, to the Psalmist's verse, in an outline submitted for criticism : — "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees ;" where the author made "the thick trees" to signify impenitent sinners ; and the "axes," the gospel doctrines ; and the "famous man" the preacher who did execution most masterly upon the tall timber. Who *that* might be, was left to be inferred by the appreciative audience. Accommodating Scripture is a delicate operation. It is best to err, if at all, on the side of a strict construction. If any variation from the first meaning of the text is taken, it should be so natural and unforced as, at its mention, to show its own propriety to the hearers, though they may never have thought of it before.

THE MEMORABILIA of Theological Lecture-rooms would furnish material for a rare volume of mental peculiarities and spicy *jeux d'esprit*. "Spare Hours" give some lively notices of their author's father, who was an Edinburgh pastor and teacher of divinity. "Though authoritative in his class without any effort, he was indulgent to everything but conceit, slovenliness of mind and body, irreverence, and, above all, handling the Word of God deceitfully. On one occasion a student having delivered in the Hall a discourse tinged with Arminianism, he said, 'That may be the gospel according to Dr. Macknight, or the gospel according to Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, but it not the gospel according to the apostle Paul ; and if I thought the sentiments

expressed were his own, if I had not thought he has taken his thoughts from commentators without carefully considering them, I would think it my duty to him and to the church, to make him no longer a student of divinity here.' He was often unconsciously severe, from his saying exactly what he felt. On a student's ending his discourse, his only criticism was, 'The strongest characteristic of this discourse is weakness;' and feeling that this was really all he had to say, he ended. A young gentleman, on very good terms with himself, stood up to pray with his hands in his pockets, and, among other things, he put up a petition that he might 'be delivered from the fear of man, which bringeth a snare;' my father's only remark was, that 'there was part of his prayer which seemed to be granted before it was asked:'" a fulfilling of prophecy which (we fancy) the prophet never thought of.

### THE SINGER.

SHE sits and sings in the room below,  
A tender ballad of love and woe,  
Wedded to music plaintive and slow.

And who would dream that her heart is gay,  
While she singeth so sad a lay —  
Seeming to pour her soul away?

Why not? She doeth her heart no wrong;  
Lips joy-laden the whole day long  
Well can afford to sorrow in song!

So keep her, Heaven! nor let her know  
Other sighings than those that flow,  
Rhythmic, through ballads of love and woe.

PET BOOKS. — Distinguished persons have had some very curious tastes; and, among other things, in selecting favorite authors. It was natural enough, perhaps, for Bossuet to keep a copy of Homer upon the table on which he composed his *great* sermons; though one would think that he might have found in some other source a more Christian inspiration. Under Alexander's pillow seems a rather more fitting place for the epic Grecian as a book of the heart. Napoleon and Dr. Parr were not much alike, but both were enamored of Ossian. Would any one think that the grave and "proper" Dr. Blair the sermonizer

made Hudibras a bosom-friend? Robinson Crusoe carried captive Johnson, Scott, Chalmers, and the "gentle Elia," and held them prisoners all their days; besides a host of others hardly less celebrated. Coleridge never lost his enthusiasm for Bunyan's Pilgrim. Burns' first choice was the Life of William Wallace; next, that of Hannibal. Rousseau's Confessions was Hazlitt's *vade mecum*: Cobbett's was the Tale of a Tub. Byron revelled in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; so did Samuel Johnson. In what else were these two men alike? Charles Lamb never tired of Sir Thomas Browne and the Urn-Burial. The elder Pitt studied Barrow's Discourses as a text-book of mental discipline: Johnson, again, made Don Quixote his unfailing resource for a good laugh. This sturdy old critic used to say that the only books of a merely human origin which anybody wished to be longer were — The Knight of La Mancha, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress. Dictionary-makers are not necessarily Dryasdusts.

#### NOT DEATH, BUT LIFE.

THOU'ST gone within the veil  
Of God's high mystery.  
Farewell, our brother!  
Our thoughts still follow thee  
On through the life to come,  
On through that fairer land,  
Where, in the spirit's home,  
God holds thy hand.  
He leads thee tenderly  
By pleasant streams, and clear.  
Thou hast the light, and we  
The shadow here.  
Farewell, our brother!  
Not thankless tears we shed;  
Knowing, brother, knowing  
Thou art not dead.

Oh! death is more divine  
Than mortal life can be.  
Farewell, our brother!  
Our thoughts still follow thee.  
All that thou hadst to give  
Thou gav'st, and passed us by.  
God teach us how to live,  
And how to die!  
Thanks unto him for faith,  
That opes the eye to see  
Thou hast the light of death,  
Its shadow, we.  
Farewell, our brother!  
Not thankless tears we shed;  
Knowing, brother, knowing  
Thou art not dead.

THE Christian journey is a *walk afoot*, that he may notice and attend to the common road-side matters and duties of life; not a fast drive nor a railway rush through the world, with an eye on nothing but the *terminus*. So Jesus *walked* through Palestine, never in a hurry, never in a torpor; but, as Goethe has so inimitably given the thought in another connection — "Like a star, unhasting yet unresting."

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.—The present would be a good time to compile a book to be entitled, "The Curiosities of English Journalism; or, Collectanea Jocularia." These same journals have always been of a sufficiently entertaining character, whenever matters in the United States have been the subject of their lucubrations. Latterly they are so strongly provocative of merriment that we can think of no better specific for dyspeptics than the regular perusal of English newspapers. Whether it be our geography, our manners and customs, our government and constitution, or the war, their floundering ignorance is as grotesque as the dancing of a man half intoxicated; while the loftiness of their conceit and the coolness of their arrogance remind us very strongly of a nation that pronounces itself "CELESTIAL."

We have no doubt there is a sturdy moral principle underlying all, as there is also a readiness to prove their foundations. For example, in Black's "General Atlas," published in London, England and Wales are made to fill four folio pages, without including Scotland and Ireland; while for the United States two pages are found quite sufficient. Now, then, what can be plainer, to English eyes, than that England and Wales are just twice as large, in geographical extent, as the United States?

We are most amused just now, however, to observe how much better they comprehend all matters whatsoever pertaining to the present war than we do ourselves—such as its origin, the proper mode of conducting it, what we are fighting for, and what, on the other hand, we ought to be fighting for. The "Thunderer," of course, takes the lead, while a motley assemblage of smaller craft may be seen following diligently in the rear. Among these is the London "British Standard," whose editor, the Rev. Dr. John Campbell, serenely tells us that he is competent to understand all the main things connected with our present position much better than we can possibly do, because, forsooth, he is disinterested and we are not! He proceeds to instruct us, accordingly, that we are fighting, not at all as we, in our poor ignorance, imagine, but for "an idea!" As to the South, the same wise man informed them and the world in general, some months ago, that they were fighting precisely as the ten tribes fought against the wicked and oppressive Rehoboam; we, the Rehoboam of these latter days, having oppressed them with taxes, year after year, till the cruel injustice culminated and became absolutely intolerable in the Morrill tariff.

Perhaps we ought not to be surprised after this—however we might be if we considered his Christian character and clerical profession—



to find Dr. Campbell, when the news of the seizure of the rebel ambassadors reached England, fulminating like Mars in the next issue of the "Standard." The "Times" itself was not more furious in its wrath, indeed it was, on the whole, calm, in comparison. At the same time that the Binneys, and Brocks, and Newman Halls, and Spurgeons of the Metropolis — true representatives of the great Christian community in England — were earnestly deprecating war, speaking kind words of America, extenuating her conduct, and endeavoring to allay the rising popular passion, the editor of the "Standard" roared, and shook his mane, and lashed his tail, as if he had been the veritable British lion. It happens, at about the same time, that he sees in some of our Boston and New York journals an earnest attempt to vindicate our claim to know something about our own particular affairs, and to cast a little light before the eyes of Englishmen. At this he soars almost out of sight, in stupendous amazement; but, anon, comes near enough to our planet to say what sounds very much like most bitter satire upon himself, as follows: — "All that mind of the first order, logic and rhetoric and polemic skill could do has been done, but to no purpose. No power on earth can alter our views."! He gravely admonishes us, moreover, that since he has always been the friend and patron of the United States, it behooves us to listen meekly to his counsels in our present difficulties.

The following is another of the precious things manifested in his columns the same day, (January 3, 1862,) from the pen of a correspondent:

"I am distressed and amazed at the conduct of the Americans, and cannot account for it on rational principles. They seem to be given up to the domination of their proud, overbearing, wrathful passions, which have so prostrated their mental faculties, that they readily believe a lie, and act the madman. I tremble and shudder in thinking of the future of that country, so promising, and so abundantly favored by the bounties of Providence; so rich in natural advantages, and in educational, civil, and religious privileges. But, alas! where grace abounded, sin, cruelty, and injustice did still more abound! And now, it would appear, wrath is coming upon them to the uttermost. Nothing but blood, it seems, will quench their fiery spirits; and that blood will flow in torrents! Oh for Heaven's mercy on that unhappy people!"

We earnestly hope that our good brother may alight in safety somewhere. We shall look anxiously to see where.

SITTING IN PRAYER, AND SO FORTH. — A recent "Princeton Review" gives us a bit of church history which is new to us, but carries

internal evidence of its own truthfulness. Discussing "the relation of the body to the doctrine of sanctification," it says that, in the region of the reviewer's personal knowledge, the present fashion of sitting during public prayer was one of the "new measures" of thirty years ago. A preacher of that class from western New York held protracted meetings in churches where standing in prayer was the general habit. He requested the congregations to remain seated and to bow their heads in prayer. They did so, and have been doing so ever since — all but the bowed head. There can be no doubt that this indolent practice is detrimental to the spirit of devotion. It is a lapse from *pew-propriety* in the house of the Lord, as great and objectionable as for the occupant of the *pulpit* to array himself "in the garb or to assume the manners of a coxcomb, a fop, a sloven, or a jockey, whether genteel or vulgar." Would any of our ministers feel complimented in knowing that either of these epithets was applied to them? Then if some of them had ears sharp enough to hear, they would enjoy this very compliment at least in one or two of its forms, from quarters entitled to respect. It is to be hoped that we have touched the extreme of *nonchalance*, and shall begin soon to drift backwards.

REV. A. K. H. BOYD. — Our readers may like a glimpse of the "Country Parson" (now an Edinburgh parish minister) whose "Recreations" are reviewed in this number. A letter-writer abroad describes him as tall, with dark hair and whiskers, a little under forty to appearance, and a fresh and attractive preacher. *This* we should expect, but hardly so energetic a personal presence, from his easy, flowing pages, — any more than the sounding, numerous prose of Ruskin would suggest the slight, small, nervous physique of the great critic.

THE hardening effect of excited emotion, in novel-reading and theatrical exhibitions, for example, which produces no practical results, is like the dropping of moisture in a cavern, which turns into rock, and fills it with petrifications.

To leave God out of history, Lamartine has somewhere said, is to paint a landscape without a sky.

RUSKIN has an equally true thought, on another subject — that greatness can only be rightly estimated, when minuteness is justly revered.